

GODFREY OF BULLOIGN;
OR THE
GIERUSALEMME LIBERATA
OF
TORQUATO TASSO,
ABRIDGED AND ALTERED.

INSCRIBED TO LADY M*****;



L O N D O N:
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GOVERNMENT OF ILLINOIS

TO THE HONORABLE

COMMISSIONER

OF THE LAND OFFICE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DECEMBER 10, 1891

RECEIVED

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TO THE READER.

OF the following Poem, the Author has only to say, that it has been the amusement of some leisure hours in the country. He had a mind to try, if he could put together those parts of *Tasso's Jerusalem*, which afforded him the most entertainment, and form a little Poem of them, which might not be unentertaining to others. And as *Tasso*, in many parts of his *Jerusalem*, imitated *Virgil*, very closely, the Author has not scrupled to make use of Mr. *Dryden's* excellent translation of that Poet's works. And indeed, he thinks the best *Motto*, he can put to the present performance, is,

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

G O D.

THE END OF THE LINE

GODFREY OF BULLOIGN.

B O O K I.

O F *Europe's* armies, and the Chief I sing,
Who freed the city of the *heav'nly* King.
Long toils he for the glorious prize sustain'd,
Both by his valour, and his wisdom gain'd.
In vain the *Asian* kings, and *Lybian* rose,
With arms combin'd, his conquest to oppose:
Heav'n, that, for *Salem's* cause, had warm'd his breast
With zeal divine, his sacred ensigns blest.

O muse! who haunt'st not the *Aonian* grove,
High thron'd amid th' *angelic* choirs above!

B

Nor

Nor dost with fading bays thy brows surround,
 But with immortal radiant stars art crown'd !
 Thou bid my breast celestial warmth receive,
 Thou tune my numbers, and O thou forgive,
 To grace my song, if flow'ry *Fancy* join
 Delights unknown to thee, with truth divine.
 Thou know'st that truth in pleasing verse convey'd,
 Can, by delighting, hardest breasts persuade ;
 So into health we sickly children cheat,
 When round the bitter cup we spread the golden sweet.

M*****! adorn'd with graces fair and young,
 Accept this verse by *Tuscan Tasso* sung ;
 This verse, recording virtuous heroes arms,
 And beauty's elegance, so like thy charms.

Already roll'd the sixth revolving year,
 Since first the *Christians* fought the *Eastern* war.
Nice they possess'd ; by storm they forc'd the town,
 And potent *Antioch* by surprise had won.

'Gainst

'Gainst *Persia's* num'rous pow'rs their conquest held,
 And with their scatter'd ensigns strow'd the field.
Tortosa next subdu'd, their troops they bring
 To quarters, and attend the coming spring.
 And now the rains, that check'd the conqu'ring pow'rs,
 Were past, and *Spring* renew'd the leaves and flow'rs;
 When the Almighty Father, from his throne,
 Seat of all pow'r, superior and alone,
 In purest *æther*, o'er the stars as high,
 As from the *center* to the spangled sky,
 Bent down his aspect on the *Syrian* plain,
 Where lay the princes of the *Christian* train.
 And with that look, to whose irradiant beam,
 The darkness and the light are both the same,
 Examin'd ev'ry chief, but none could find
 With virtue's image, living in his mind,
 Like noble *Godfrey*; and no other hand
 So fit to hold the sceptre of command.

Strait from the *myriads* that around him shone,
 He call'd a *seraph* bright, and thus begun :
 To *Syria's* realms and *Godfrey* haste away ;
 Ask why his arms so long from *Salem* stay :
 Bid him the princes of the host invite,
 Their troops t' assemble for the glorious fight.
 Him have I chosen sov'reign chief, and they
 Will now elect him, and in war obey ;
Freely to him the scepter'd charge assign,
 And, unconstrain'd, their will accomplish mine.

He spoke : the *hierarch*, without delay,
 Prepares the sacred orders to obey ;
 O'er his pure form, a veil of air he threw,
 Condens'd and visible to mortal view.
 With human aspect, human members, join
 Celestial grace, and majesty divine ;
 A child just blooming into youth he seem'd,
 His flaxen curls with radiant glory beam'd.

His

His shoulders fledg'd, two shining wings unfold,
 White as the snow, their borders ting'd with gold.
 These high through realms of air his course sustain,
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main,
 Unwearied, swift: Thus from th' *empyrean* height,
 Prone through the starry spheres he throws his flight,
 And lights on *Libanon*; there shook his plumes,
 That wide around him shed divine perfumes;
 Thence smoothly glides along; then downward bends,
 And rapid to *Tortosa's* walls descends.

The rising sun a crimson lustre gave,
 Scarce half his beams above the *eastern* wave.
Godfrey, as usual, had forsook his rest,
 And Heav'n's high Pow'r with fervent pray'r address'd.
 When with the *orient* sun, but far more bright,
 The flaming *seraph* stood before his sight,
 Who thus: O *Godfrey*! heav'n's commands I bring:
 Behold, on earth descends the blooming spring;

Why thus unactive do your squadrons stay,
 Nor march to free imperial *Solima*?
 Haste then, the princes of the host invite
 Their troops t' assemble; and to arms excite;
 To thee the sov'reign sceptre they'll assign,
 And their free choice fulfil the choice divine.

He ceas'd, then instant vanish'd from his sight,
 And left him dazzled with th' excess of light.
 But when recov'ring, the decree of heav'n
 In thought he ponder'd, and the summons giv'n,
 If he before to end the war desir'd,
 With burning zeal now all the hero's fir'd;
 His will grew ardent in the will supreme,
 As the faint sparkle kindles to a flame.
 By letters he invites the peers to arms,
 And ev'ry breast with virtuous ardour warms.
 For heav'n adorn'd his words with charms divine,
 And ev'ry grace, where strength and sweetness join.

The

The chieftains with their troops, gallant and gay,
Came to *Tortosa* on th' appointed day.

There *Princes*, *Earls*, and *Barons*, might you see,
Like sparkling stars, tho' diff'rent in degree,
All for fair *Salem* arm'd, and love of *chivalry*. }

Their arms were sev'ral, as their nations were,
But all their ornaments were rich and rare.

Carinthian Guelpho, here you might behold,

The surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of gold ;

A prince whom riches and high honours grace,

And sprung from the illustrious *Estian* race.

Tolosa's aged count, *Raimondo*, there

Display'd his crimson banner to the air :

Th' experienc'd hero with his ardour warms

His hardy *veterans* to glorious arms.

From *Pavia*, and *Orangia*, next succeed,

Two prelates arm'd, each on a pompous steed :

Their surcoats were of glowing purple made,
 And gold the edging, that around was laid.
 The trappings of their steeds were of the same,
 The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame.
Henry, the *English* monarch's younger son,
 By his proud steed, and graceful person known,
 Conducts his squadrons, for strong bows renown'd;
 Their loaded quivers on their shoulders found.
 With them to war the noble *Seymour* came,
 Who died with glory in the field of fame.
 But still his banner there you might behold,
 The lions *passant* in embroider'd gold.

Next *Robert*, Duke of *Normandy*, was seen;
 Black was his beard and manly was his mien.
 High on his helm he wore a *coronet*,
 With sparkling diamonds, and with rubies set.

There noble *Baldwin*, and *Eustacius* shone,
 Bright in their brother's * glories and their own.

* *Godfrey*.

The

The Earl of *Flanders*, with a goodly train,
 In proud array came prancing o'er the plain.
Amboise his troops from *Blois* delightful grounds,
 Conducts with song and music's sprightly sounds.
 From *Alpine* castles, stern *Acasto* brings
 His hardy peasants, enemies to kings.
 He look'd a lion with a threat'ning air,
 And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair.
 Then from *Campania's* hills and pleasant plain,
 (Rich pomp of nature!) *Tancred* leads his train;
 Sole to *Rinaldo*, second in the grace
 Of warlike mien and features of the face.
 Penfive he seem'd, for long his noble breast
 A fatal love had without hope possess'd.
 An *eastern Amazon*, whom once he found,
 By a clear spring, with shady borders crown'd,
 And but a moment saw, (her face disarm'd)
 Had all his soul with her bright beauty charm'd.

The

The spring, the verdant scene, and warlike dame,
 To thought still present, still renew his flame.

Th' *advent'ers* next their splendid banner spread,
Duden, grown old in arms, the squadron led.
 In the first rank the Duke of *Richmond* rode,
 A ruby-bracelet on his helmet glow'd.
Gernando, boasting of his blood that springs
 From a long lineage of *Norwegian* kings;
Pembroke's brave Earl, and *Rockingham* was there,
 And the illustrious Marquis of *Kildare*.
 Nor shall old times in blank oblivion drown
 Brave *Stanbope*, *Cavendish*, and *Egerton*.
 There youthful *Mordaunt*, and *Emilia* fair,
 (Two lovers spous'd) on milk-white steeds appear;
 Their furcoats of white ermin-furr were made,
 With cloth of gold between, that cast a glitt'ring shade:
 A flame of *opal* grac'd their helms above,
 Bright as their worth, and emblem of their love.

But

But eminent o'er all, *Rinaldo* shone,
 And seem'd an army in himself alone ;
 With fierceness sweet his regal front he rear'd ;
 Scarce on his blooming cheeks the down appear'd,
 Like the fair plant, that decks th' *Hesperian* bow'rs,
 At once adorn'd with golden fruit and flow'rs.
 In arms like *Mars* he shone, but when unarm'd,
 Like *love*, his face with heav'nly beauty charm'd.
 Him, on *Adigia's* banks, *Sophia* bare
 To great *Bertold*, *Sophia*, princess fair !
 He was her darling, and her only joy,
 And she to royal virtues train'd the boy,
 Till the loud trumpet founding from the east,
 With love of glory fir'd his youthful breast.
 The *Estian* eagle on his helm was plac'd,
 With saphirs, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd.
 Numbers I must o'er-pass, too long to name,
 Tho' valiant all, and all of mighty fame.

But

But *Hermas* must be sung amongst the rest,
 An antient sage, with gifts prophetic blest;
 His height majestic; and a crown divine
 Of laurel did about his temples twine.

The grand assembly, soon the council crown,
 Where *Godfrey* mov'd to free the *sacred Town*,
 And such his eloquence, that all agreed,
 Without delay, tow'rd *Salem* to proceed;
 And with joint voice, as heav'n their hearts inclin'd,
 To him the sov'reign sceptre they consign'd.
Fame instant soars upon her shining wings,
 And to the armies the glad tidings brings.
 Forth comes the chief; the soldiers shout around,
 And greet him with the trumpet's lofty sound.
 He with kind countenance, and grace serene,
 Returns the salutation of his train:
 Then order'd all the host the following day,
 On those fair plains their ensigns to display.

Soon

Soon as the rosy-finger'd morn appear'd,
 And to the sun heav'n's lucid gates unbarr'd,
 The sounds of drums and trumpets fill the sky
 With loud alarms, and warlike symphony :
 Rous'd with the notes, and list'ning with delight,
 The warriors sheath their limbs in armour bright :
 Not to the peasant's ear more grateful sound
 Thunders, that promise rain, when parch'd the ground.
 Soon all in order the battallions join'd,
 The splendid banners float upon the wind :
 High in the midst th' imperial standard rose,
 And with embroider'd gold and jewels glows.
 Meantime the sun the vault of heav'n ascends,
 And wide o'er earth his joyous beams extends,
 Their arms refulgent, polish'd steel and gold,
 Dart trembling rays, too dazzling to behold.
 The streamy sparkles flashing thick arise,
 Shoot their quick beams, and kindle all the skies.

Loud neigh their courfers, ring their arms around,
And o'er the region runs a deaf'ning found.

Now at the signal, march the warlike train,
And like a deluge pour along the plain.
The *eastern* christians, where the armies past,
To welcome them with various presents haste :
O'er all the *pilgrim* host, revolve their fight,
And view the glorious chief, with vast delight.
The *Duke* pursues his march without delay,
His course still bearing tow'rd the neighb'ring sea,
Th' assistance of the friendly fleet to gain,
In large supplies of *Grecian* wines, and grain.

Meantime, by fame, the news had reach'd the town,
Where *Aladine*, who late usurp'd the crown,
His *christian* subjects in base bondage held,
And his rich coffers with their plunder fill'd,
Now fear'd his coming foes, and foes more nigh ;
O wretched fate of royal tyranny !

By

By dark suspicions rous'd, his fury's flame,
 Which years had calm'd, now terrible became :
 So the tam'd *lion*, when provok'd, again
 Kindles to rage, and shakes his shaggy mane.
 The pleasant *villas*, all the town around,
 And rural seats, he levels with the ground ;
 With barb'rous caution, taints the pools and streams,
 Where death amid the liquid crystal swims.
 With rising works he fortifies the town,
 And with hir'd foreign troops augments his own.

While thus the tyrant bent his thought to arms,
Ismene join'd him, fam'd for potent *charms*.
 And not long after to his succour came,
Clorinda fair, an *Amazonian* dame :
 Her fire a prince of *Persia*, forc'd to fly,
 When he became a *christian* votary :
 His babe expos'd, an *Indian Bramin* bred,
 And with the milk of lionesses fed,

Tam'd by his art: Whence she the Pagan rite
 Now follow'd, and in arms was her delight.
 A silver *tygres* flam'd upon her crest;
 A golden belt was bound about her breast;
 Where'er she pass'd, the crowd with wonder view
 Her pompous ornaments and blooming hue.
 A charming fierceness in her face and eyes,
 With dazzling lustre, did each heart surprise;
 Her amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
 When bare her head, and seem'd another sun.
 Such were the charms, that gen'rous *Tancred* fir'd,
 And all his soul with love, tho' without hope, inspir'd.

Now to *Emmaus* came the *western* train,
 And pitch'd their tents upon the neighb'ring plain,
 And now the crimson sun descended to the main, }
 When two Ambassadors, from *Ægypt* sent,
 With gorgeous pomp approach'd the royal tent.

One nam'd *Alete*, and *Argante* one,
 Grand *Satraps* both, and near the *Calif's* throne.
 With gifts of eloquence *Alete* crown'd,
Argante in the field of arms renown'd.
 These to the *Christian* chief rich presents bring,
 With proffer'd love and friendship from their king.
 But mov'd the chief t' enjoy his conquests won,
 And leave in peace *Judæa's* regal town.
 These were the terms, but these the princely train,
 And their great chief, rejected with disdain :
 Yet both the *Envoys* back with honours sent,
 And costly gifts of labour'd ornament.
Alete, in a tent, for his return
 Stay'd till the rising of the roseate morn.
 But proud *Argante*, by the starry ray,
 Direct to *Salem* took his warlike way.

Now night had spread her spangled canopy,
 The weary world did all in silence lie,
 Hush'd were the winds and waves, serenely bright }

[the sky.]

'The fishes, which the liquid lakes contain,
 That swim the azure kingdoms of the main :
 The flocks and herds, on grassy couches laid,
 The painted birds, amid the *sylvan* shade,
 Drown'd all their cares in sweet oblivion deep,
 And their tir'd limbs refresh'd with balmy sleep.
 But neither toil, nor slumb'rous shades of night,
 Within the *Christian* camp could close the fight,
 Restless the glowing concave they survey,
 And watch the setting stars, and wish the day ;
 Impatient till the glorious morn arise,
 That long-fought *Salem* gives to their desiring eyes.

B O O K II.

NOW o'er the meads, *Etesian* breezes born,
Whisper'd the flow'rs, and told th' approach
of morn ;

Aurora, in her purpling robes array'd,
With *Eden's* rose adorn'd her golden head :
When thro' the camp a murmur spread around,
Soon follow'd by the trumpets silver sound.

Godfrey himself the ardent bands combin'd,
Then leads, with banners waving in the wind.
Smooth gliding o'er the field, they seem to fly,
So rapidly they mov'd, so just their harmony.
But when from heav'n's high arch, at noon of day,
The sun with sultry beams began to play,

Behold *Jerusalem*, long-sought, appear,
 Her gilded turrets, glitt'ring in the air!
Jerusalem, th' exulting armies greet,
 And hills and vales *Jerusalem* repeat.
 Meantime a guard, from off a tow'r, descries
 A cloud of dust, thick gath'ring in the skies,
 Which winds disperse by fits; and shew from far
 The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
 Then to his fellows, thus aloud he calls,
 What clouds, with splendours fraught, approach the [walls.
 Arm, arm, and man the works; prepare your spears,
 And pointed darts; the *western* host appears.
 Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; in arms ascend
 Their bulwarks, and secure their foes attend.
 The king a turret mounts the host to see;
 And with him took the beauteous *Erminie*,
 Princess of *Antioch*, who, when his crown
 Her father lost, took refuge in the town.

Now

Now many a *Baron*, in proud arms array'd,
 Rush'd from the town, *Clorinda* at their head.
 The lofty maid her following squadron fires,
 And love of glory in their souls inspires.
 But soon of light-arm'd horse, she saw at hand,
 Returning to the camp, a forage-band:
 Against the chief she ran, a valiant knight,
 But far too weak to match her matchless might.
 Back from his seat he fell: the *Pagans* shake
 The heav'ns with shouting, and glad omen take.
 Then from her side the glitt'ring sword she drew,
 And instant to attack his squadron flew:
 Her fainting foes she soon to flight compell'd,
 And with resistless rage o'er-ran the field.
 At last a rising ground the Christians gain,
 And rallying, thence the fierce assault sustain.

But *Tancred*, who his friends distress survey'd,
 At *Godfrey's* signal, now advanc'd to aid.

The *Pagan* king beheld his manly charms,
 Blooming in strength, and eminent in arms :
 And ask'd *Erminia*, who beside him sat,
 What chief that was, who seem'd in war so great.
 For him and all the chieftains she must know,
 Oft having seen the ensigns of each foe.
 At this request, the youthful princess sighs,
 The pearly tears stand trembling in her eyes,
 And while a crimson blush her cheek o'erspread,
 Thus to the king the soft dissembler said :
Tancred, O king, you see, whose bright renown
 For worth in arms, is thro' all *Asia* known.
 To cure the wounds he gives, nor healing art,
 Nor magic charms, a remedy impart :
 Oh were he once but captive at my feet,
 How gladly would I take avengement sweet.
 Thus with a veil of hate to hide she strove,
 For that illustrious prince, her ardent love.

Meantime

Meantime *Clorinda* saw the knight advance,
 And ran to meet him with her rested lance.
 Both at the helmet aim'd a furious stroke,
 The spears, in shivers, to the gauntlet broke.
 But *Tancred* burst th' embroider'd lace, that bound
 The princess' helm, and cast it to the ground.
 When in the field a blooming maid behold,
 Dishevel'd to the wind, her locks of gold!
 Fierce to assail th' astonish'd chief she flies,
 With blushing cheek, and light'ning in her eyes;
 Sweet ev'n in wrath, how sweet should smiles arise!
 Her head unhelm'd, he knew her for the same,
 Who fir'd his soul with love beside the shady stream.
 For neither her proud crest, nor pourtray'd shield,
 Had he observ'd, when rushing to the field.
 Soft he recedes, but she with threat'ning sword
 Ardent pursu'd; nor respite would afford;

But striking on his shield to fight defies,
 Darting bright ruin from her conqu'ring eyes.
 Scarcely he wards, still gazing on her charms;
 At last he challeng'd her, to prove their arms,
 In fight apart; determin'd to reveal
 His secret flame, and all his sufferings tell.
 She heard with joy; and now apart they rode,
 And now in act of fight the warlike virgin stood.
 When the enamour'd chief, his arms display'd,
 And to the Princess, new to love, thus said:
 Ah my fair foe! no more my fate I shun,
 Your charms already have the vict'ry won:
 Against your sword no guard will I maintain;
 Come, pierce the bosom, where ador'd you reign.
 Fair as the blushing rose in *Sharon's* field;
 Majestic cedars to thy graces yield:
 Love has long fix'd on thee my wond'ring sight,
 Above all beauties eminently bright:

The

The life you seek, no longer I'll retain,
 And die with pleasure, since you know my pain.
 Thus strove th' impassion'd Prince to move her mind;
 Sweet words in women's hearts still entrance find;
 In wonder and surprise, she seem'd to stand,
 And just prepar'd to strike, repress'd her hand.
 When, luckless chance! behold the *Pagans* fly,
 Driv'n by their foes, and to the place drew nigh.
 One, who pursu'd, devoid of honour's care,
 Seeing her amber tresses float in air,
 Aim'd, as he pass'd, his faulchion at the fair.
 When *Tancred* cry'd, "hold, hold;" and at the word,
 Receiv'd the weighty weapon on his sword.
 Yet kept not off the furious faulchion quite;
 Where the fair neck and beauteous head unite,
 The steel descended; but the wound was slight.
 Some drops of crimson thro' her shining hair,
 Like rubies set in blushing gold appear.

At

At this th' impatient Prince his faulchion sped,

With utmost vengeance, at the ruffian's head.

But he with terror, instant turn'd the rein,

And like an arrow, flew along the plain;

While with his threat'ning sword the Prince pursu'd } [amain.]

At the strange chace awhile the maid admir'd,

Suspense in thought, last with her troops retir'd.

But, like a lioness, she often stands

Her foes, and distant drives their scatt'ring bands.

High at her back, retreating she upheld,

To guard her helmless head, the fenceful shield:

So screen'd, in sports, the swarthy *Morians* run,

The balls, tempestuous as they fly to shun.

Soon as the *Pagans* to their walls drew near,

They face about, and rend with shouts the air,

Then wheel to charge their foes in flank and rear. }

While fierce *Argante* from the hill came down,

And many a knight was by his force o'erthrown.

But

But now brave *Tancred*, who pursu'd in vain
 The ruffian's fleeter horse, had check'd the rein :
 And, looking backward, when his troops he found,
 By bands of furious *Pagans* compass'd round,
 With grief and rage enkindling at the view,
 He spur'd his steed, and to their rescue flew.
 Nor he alone, for to their succour came
 The royal *Dudon*, with his chiefs of fame.
 All these *Erminia* to the King made known ;
 And first the glorious Prince of *Est* was shown :
 Behold, she cried, *Rinaldo* take the field,
 A silver eagle on his azure shield :
 Not the most valiant can with him compare,
 And like the *morning-star* in beauty fair.

Dudon she pointed out, in war grown old,
 His armour verdure, damask'd o'er with gold.
Gernando, vain of his imperial race,
 Whose pride did his illustrious acts disgrace.

Brave

Brave *Mordaunt*, and *Emilia*, next she shows,
 Their arms, steeds, ensigns, white as *Alpine* snows.

While thus the Princess told each noble name,
 The fight enkindled more and more became.

Tancred, *Rinaldo*, pouring to th' alarms,
 Burst the firm ring, tho' wedg'd with men and arms.
 Th' *advent'ers* then, with *Dudon* at their head,
 Enter'd the battle, and confusion spread :

Argante by *Rinaldo* was o'erthrown,
 Encount'ring with a shock he bore him down ;
 Nor had the *Pagan* ris'n, but on the field,
 The Prince's fallen steed, his foot encumber'd held.
 Meantime the *Pagans* fly with loosen'd rein,
 At utmost speed, the city gates to gain.

Alone *Clorinda* and *Argante* stand,
 The bank and bulwark of the routed band.
 Ardent with vict'ry, *Dudon* urg'd the rear,
 And slew proud *Amurat*, and *Algazere*.

Not

Not far from him was *Comus* laid along,
 Of monst'rous bulk, with *Corban* fierce and strong:
 Vain bulk and strength: for when the chief assail'd,
 Nor valour, nor gigantic force avail'd,
 Nor ev'n *Argante* safely could retire,
 He stop'd, he turn'd, he glow'd with shame and ire:
 At length, at unawares, the time he took,
 And on th' unguarded flank of *Dudon* strook:
 The faulchion enter'd in his side profound,
 He falls; earth thunders, and his arms resound.
 With vaunts the *Pagan* then the *Peers* address,
 They with their glitt'ring swords against him prest.
 But soon beneath the walls retreat he made,
 And the tall tow'rs held forth their friendly shade.
 Now the besieg'd from their high bulwarks pour
 The stones and arrows in a mingled show'r.
 The conqu'ring bands receding seek the plain,
 And their wide gates the cover'd *Pagans* gain.

Meantime the *Estian* Prince, who from his horse
 His foot had freed, swift thither bent his course.
 T' assault the gates encourages his friends,
 Nor heeds the storm of darts, that round his brows de- [scends.
 The foes behold with terror and surprise,
 His blazing shield, the light'ning in his eyes,
 His lofty stature, and his ample breast,
 His rattling armour, and his crimson crest.
 But lo, an herald, by great *Godfrey* sent,
 In haste to check his daring courage went.
 The Prince obey'd, tho' with fierce fury fir'd,
 And blushing red, indignantly, retir'd.

Th' *ad-vent'rous* Lords now bear from off the field
 Great *Dudon's* breathless body on a shield:
 While *Godfrey* mounts an hill, and views from thence,
 The city's situation and defence.

High eminent amid the circling lands,
 Fair *Solima*, in antient glory stands:

Three sides with steep and rugged mountains pent,
But on the *north*, smooth, pleasant the ascent.

The town, pure lakes and living springs contains,
Cisterns, to hold the heav'n-descending rains.

Around are little hills, and vallies green,
With herb and trees, and shining rills between :

Young groves of olives, offering cool retreats,
Beneath their shade, from summer's sultry heats.

While *Godfrey* thus surveys, in thought profound,
The sacred city, and the country round,

Erminia saw him from the tow'r, and said,
See *Godfrey*, King ! in purple robe array'd !

In him the foldier and the chief combine,
What graces in his air majestic shine !

The tyrant paus'd ; the happy Prince admir'd ;
Then turning to *Erminia* thus enquir'd :

What's he, whom close beside him I descry,
His furcoat of a glowing crimson dye ?

Save than *Goffredo's* somewhat less his frame;
How like in person, and almost the same.

Baldwin, his brother, the fair Queen reply'd,
In feature much, in action more ally'd.

See where *Raimondo* seems the Duke t' advise,
An antient Count, gay, valourous, and wise.

Next him the son of *England's* King behold,
Known by his shining helm of massy gold.

Lo, *Guelpho* there, whom highest honours grace,
Rich in domain, and of the *Estian* race.

That Prince I well distinguish from the rest,
By his broad shoulders, and high swelling chest.

Yet one is wanting of that noble train,

Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain.

King *Boëmond*, who won th' imperial town

Of my great father, and now wears his crown.

While thus the Princess spake, *Godfrey* descends
From off the hill, and joins his warlike friends.

Before

Before the *northern* gate, the chief display'd
 His high pavillions, and his ensigns spread.
 Then gave command to fence his camp around,
 With palisadoes, and a trench profound :
 The sev'ral ways, that led to *Salem*, barr'd ;
 And plac'd the frequent terrors of a guard.
 These things perform'd, the hero took his way,
 Where, new in death, his noble champion lay.
 The corps of *Dudon* on a *bier* was laid,
 Cover'd with cloth-of gold, and in like robes array'd.
 The Princes melancholy fate around,
 Mingling their griefs with music's solemn sound.
 Great *Godfrey* pensively the dead survey'd,
 And drop'd a silent tear, then thus serene he said :

Why should by us great *Dudon's* fate be mourn'd,
 Now to the heavenly realms again return'd ?
 In ev'ry land thy gallant worth was known,
 Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own :

D

Now

Now free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
 Enjoys a crown above the starry pole ;
 From thence celestial legions mayst thou bring,
 To free the city of the heav'nly King.

Meantime the *western* sun was sunk from sight,
 All things were cover'd with the shades of night.
 Soft sleep descending brought the kind relief,
 A sweet oblivion, of all human grief.
 Up with the sun the *Duke* arose to wait,
 With Lords and chieftains, *Dudon's* fun'ral state.
 At an hill's foot, beneath a palm-tree's shade,
 Of cypress fragrant wood a tomb was made.
 The corps they here deposite, while around
 The priests sung hymns, to sacred music's sound :
 And here and there the verdant boughs among,
 The *Persian* ensigns, he had won, were hung.
 The ample bole his gilded corslet bore,
 And all the ornaments in fight he wore.

Last was inscrib'd in gold, the hero's name,
His noble race, and acts deserving fame.

Soon as the chief had all due honours shown,
To his lov'd friend, and ev'ry rite was done;
To prosecute his high designs intent,
And frame his engines, he for timber sent,
Where six miles distant in a vale there stood,
An antient, gloomy, venerable wood.

Now trees on trees are by the ax o'erthrown,
The forests echo, and the *sylvans* groan:
Palms, cedars, ash, and poplars strow the ground,
Pines, aged oaks, with verdant honours crown'd,
Fall from their height; and some the trunks receive
In loaden wains, and some with wedges cleave.
The birds forsake their seats, the savage bounds
From forth his darksome den, scar'd with the echoing
sounds.

B O O K III.

WHILE thus the *Christians* the green forests
hew'd,

Their joy, *Gloriantes*, King of *Genies*, view'd

With rage inflam'd; and instant summon'd all

The *central Peers*, to his imperial hall.

The golden trumpet blew, and to the sound

The *Demons* hasten'd, and the council crown'd.

The palace walls and roof with gems were bright,

That shed, like clustering stars, a blaze of light.

A gorgeous throne, in midst, the tyrant fill'd,

And in his hand the regal sceptre held:

Black was his beard, with pearl and gold entwin'd;

Incens'd his aspect like a comet shin'd.

He

He stretch'd his scepter'd hand ; silence was made ;
 And thus, not rising from his throne, he said :
 Illustrious lords and friends, by whom I sway
 The *eastern* realms, ev'n to the rising day !
 How long unactive will you here remain,
 Nor strive the *western* armies to restrain,
 That now no obstacle in *Asia* find,
 And soon their conquests will extend to *Inde* ?
 Shall I no longer call those kingdoms mine ?
 Incense no more be offered at my shrine ?
 Defend your honour, and forbid such shame,
 Enkindle all your virtue to a flame.
 Now, princes, hear what counsel I propose,
 To guard the *orient*, and distress our foes :
 Let some to *Solima* direct their course,
 Destroy the *Christian* camp by fraud or force :
 Others their flight to fair *Damascus* wing,
 And urge that old *astrologer*, the King,

To send his niece, so skill'd in magic charms,
 With beauty's bloom t' oppose the rage of arms;
 The fiercest hearts still own sweet beauty's pow'r,
 And soon, I trust, *Armida* will adore.
 So when arrive the *Calif's* hosts combin'd,
 A certain, easy conquest they will find,
 O'er chiefs grown listless, and averse to fight,
 Dissolv'd in love, and soften'd with delight:—
 But I with words detain your virtue here,
 Your sparkling eyes your gen'rous flame declare.
 He ceas'd: The *Genies* strait their wings display'd,
 And springing upward, leave the nether shade:
 So founding storms from forth their caves arise,
 To cloud the lustre of the starry skies.
 To different quarters swift they take their way;
 Some to the camp, and regal *Solima*:
 Some to *Damascus'* tow'rs direct their flight:
Astarte, chang'd her form, and seem'd to fight

An aged courtier; then approach'd the King,
 And said: My lord, a new advice I bring:
 Employ *Armida* in your crown's defence,
 Adorn'd with each unrival'd excellence:
 To *Godfrey's* armies let the Princess go,
 Inspire with love the noblest of the foe:
 Some mournful tale relate, while tears and sighs,
 And bashful blushes hide her bold emprise.
 Beauty, when in distress and grief, still finds
 Resistless sov'reignty o'er fiercest minds.
 The *western* Lords in love and pleasure lost,
 Will prove cheap conquest to th' *Egyptian* host.
 If *Godfrey* by her arts unmov'd remain,
 Let her entice the bravest of his train.
 To quit the camp, and them to distance lead,
 Where stands your castle on th' *Osminian* mead.
 More counsels gave the *Gnome*, then took her flight,
 And in a moment vanish'd from his sight.

The counsel pleas'd : The King to fair *Armide*
 Communicates his wish, who soon comply'd.
 Proud her youth's blooming charms and wit to prove,
 And those unconquer'd chiefs to captivate by love.
 Soon as the dusky *ev'ning* shades came on,
 With few attendants she forsook the town :
Astarte, Queen of *Gnomes*, her steps convey'd,
 In the rich habit of a page array'd.
 A steed caparison'd with purple bore,
 Of presents to be made, a shining store.

With the sixth *orient* morning, she beheld
 Great *Godfrey's* ensigns glitt'ring on the field.
 As when a radiant *comet* shines by night,
 The people gaze on the unusual light ;
 So at the sight of this new star amaz'd,
 The warriors whisper'd, and with wonder gaz'd ;
 All view her with delight, and long to hear
 What business brought the beauteous stranger there.

Not

Not ev'n *Latona*, nor the *Cyprian Queen*,
 By fables sung, excell'd her grace and mien :
 Under a snowy veil translucent, glow'd
 Her golden locks, that in loose buckles flow'd ;
 But oft the veil aside the *zephyrs* blew,
 And open'd all their glories to the view :
 Her vesture edg'd with *saphirs*, reach'd the ground,
 And widely shed *ambrosial* scents around.
 The rose and lily mingled on her face,
 Her down-cast eyes assum'd a modest grace.
 Her necklace was of pearls, and in each ear,
 And on her forehead, shone a diamond star.

Armida thus, admir'd by ev'ry eye,
 Pass'd thro' the camp, with grace and dignity.
 When *Eustace* met her, as his fortune led,
 Approach'd with rev'rence the royal maid ;
 And, while she downward cast her lovely eyes,
 And on her cheek the bashful blushes rise,

Her

Her dress, her feature, and her shape admir'd,
 And felt his heart with sudden passion fir'd ;
 Which thus with rapture to express he strove :
 Are you, said he, some angel from above ?
 Deign to declare, for never did my sight
 Behold such beauty, such celestial light.
 Then she : To no such honours we pretend,
 My lord, your praises far our worth transcend.
 A banish'd Queen you see, oppress'd with grief,
 Who seeks protection from your glorious chief.
 His brother you behold, the Prince reply'd,
 Who claims the honour your fair steps to guide.
 What aid his sceptre or my sword can give,
 Be sure, O matchless maid ! you shall receive.
 He ceas'd : then led her where the chief they found
 In his high tent, with Lords encompass'd round.
 With graceful majesty *Armida* bow'd,
 Then stood confus'd, and with soft crimson glow'd :

But

But soon encourag'd by the godlike man
With sweetest accents thus her tale began.

You see the daughter, Prince ! of *Arbilane*,
Who once did o'er the fair *Damascus* reign :
My much lov'd father, and my mother-queen,
I lost, when yet my years were scarce thirteen :
My royal fire, of me consign'd the care
To *Artamene*, th' imperial treasurer.
His infant charge with tenderness he rear'd,
Till now the twentieth circling spring appear'd :
Then first he made his dark ambition known,
Then he propos'd to wed me with his son.
But what a son ! to ev'ry vice inclin'd,
Deform'd of person, as deform'd of mind.
With blandishments the regent strove to gain
My wish'd assent, but still he strove in vain.
With blushes his proposals I receive :
At length with gloomy mien he took his leave.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to seize the crown, he brib'd with gold,
 To take away my life, a courtier old,
 Who undertook the deed : but pity mov'd
 His breast, for he my royal fire had lov'd,
 And saw with grief his child, in blooming age,
 A victim to a faithless guardian's rage.
 To me the fatal secret he declar'd ;
 By him embolden'd, I for flight prepar'd :
 I knew the chamber, where some treasures lay,
 My father's once, and those I brought away.
 My kind deliv'rer, under nightly shade,
 From forth the regal dome my steps convey'd.
 All night we rode ; and on my frontier-bound,
 At morn, a castle reach'd, strong fenc'd around.
 There me *Arontes* since has entertain'd,
 And many a Lord by emissaries gain'd,
 To cause the people for my right to rise,
 Who only wait your aid for the emprise.

Your virtues thro' the neighb'ring nations blown,
 Encourage me to come, and make my fortunes known.
 Only ten valiant chieftains we desire,
 Secure by them my kingdom to acquire.
 Your name, your ensigns, and your trumpets found,
 Will more than armies in my cause be found.
 O glorious chief! the refuge and redress,
 Of those, whom fate pursues, and wrongs oppresses;
 With pity hear a royal orphan's pray'r,
 Receive her kind to your protecting care:
 Partake and use my kingdom as your own,
 And shall be yours, while I possess the crown.
 Thus having said, she order'd to be brought,
 A robe with flow'rs on golden tissue wrought;
Sidonian vests, and various gifts beside,
 Of precious texture, and of *Asian* pride:
 Accept, said she, these gifts, with our request,
 Some small remains of what my fire possess;

This

This royal robe, and this *tiara*, wore
 My father, and this golden sceptre bore;
 These purple vests, as tokens of her love,
 To grace his state, my beauteous mother wove.
 You call, O Prince! his image to my mind,
 In you his features, and his form I find;
 His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame,
 Such were his motions, such was all his frame,
 And, ah! had heav'n so pleas'd his years had been
 the same.

The circling peers the presents rich and rare,
 Greatly admir'd, but more the royal fair.
 Her motions, voice, her eyes enchanting ray,
 And curling locks, where love in ambush lay.
 While *they* admir'd; great *Godfrey* roll'd around
 His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground;
 Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;
 Not by the sceptre mov'd or kingly vest,

But

But pond'ring future things of wond'rous weight,
 The spreading o'er the *east* the *christian* state,
 The wealth and warlike pow'rs the Queen would bring
 T' oppose the armies of th' *Ægyptian* King.
 At length he rais'd his head, with chearful look,
 And to *Armide* with gentle accents spoke.
 Fair Queen, we much compassionate your fate,
 And will restore you to your sov'reign state :
 Soon as our arms have sacred *Salem* won,
 We from your faithless foe will rend the crown.
 Meantime return, or in our camp remain,
 Where you with honours we will entertain ;
 Such as becomes a Princess to receive :
 Then in my faith with joy affianc'd live.
 At this *Armida* droop'd her beauteous head,
 Then rais'd her eyes, shining with tears, and said :
 All hope is fled, the heav'ns have seal'd my doom,
 Since I in vain for aid to *Godfrey* come :

Relentless stars ! who left I pity find,
 Have made unpitying the most gen'rous mind :
 Illustrious chief ! your goodness is the same ;
 Not you, but cruel destiny I blame :
 Was't not enough by too severe a fate,
 To lose both parents, and imperial state ?
 No,—I must fall, (for vain are pray'rs and tears)
 A royal victim, in my bloom of years.
 Threats not the tyrant soon to storm our fort,
 Unless *Arontes* send me back to court ?
 Shall my friends perish ? Better I should die,
 And yield at once both life and sov'reignty.
 This said, she turn'd her from the princely train,
 Blushing with sweet displeasure and disdain :
 While down her cheeks the tears descend in show'rs,
 Like pearly dew upon the leaves of flow'rs ;
 Which, while *Aurora* crimson paints the sky,
 To courting *zephyrs* yield their fragrancy.

These

These tears, (strange *alchemy* of love!) became
 Bright fire, that kindled in each heart a flame.
 Chiefly th' advent'urers felt it in their breast,
 And all with ardour round the sov'reign prest:
 Entreat, that of their troop ten knights alone,
 Might to the injur'd Queen restore her throne.
 In vain the Duke endeavour'd to dissuade,
 And only their request more urgent made.
 At length, tho' loth, he with their suit comply'd,
 Nor could so many princes be deny'd.
 What cannot beauty's tears, and winning strain,
 That bind the heart, as in a golden chain!
Eustace with courteous speech the Princess cheers;
 She with her filken veil soon dried her tears,
 And rosy smil'd with such enliv'ning ray,
 As seem'd to give new lustre to the day:
 Then on the youthful peers she cast a look,
 Where thousand love-inspiring graces spoke:

E

What

What worthy thanks, said she, can I return,
 Who, from my realm expell'd, in exile mourn?
 The pow'rs above, to goodness if inclin'd,
 If gen'rous actions touch their heav'nly mind,
 And more than all those pow'rs, your noble heart,
 Conscious of worth, requite its own desert.
 While heav'n the radiant stars with light supply,
 Your honour, name, and praise, shall never die:
 Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
 Your image shall be present to my mind.
 So spake the Queen; and such her fair disguise,
 As charm'd the valiant and beguil'd the wise.
 A rich pavillion instant was prepar'd,
 And more to honour her, a royal guard.
 Thither the Princes led their beauteous guest,
 For her and her's ordain'd a sumptuous feast.
 The board with golden vases was array'd,
 And while they din'd, the sweet *musicians* play'd.

But

But when the silent shades of ev'ning rose,
On a rich bed they left her to repose.

And now *Armida* seeing fortune shine
Propitious, hastes to forward her design ;
Varies perpetually her looks and air,
To draw new lovers in her gilded snare.
With sparkling glances, or demeanour cold,
Inflames the diffident, or checks the bold.
Sometimes in beauteous grief she's pensive seen,
Sometimes with joy adorns her air and mien :
Now feigns her youth to love and courtship new ;
Now bashful blushes like the morn in shew :
Sometimes all day in vain pursuit the knight
She leads, illusive, like the wand'ring light.

B O O K IV.

THUS while she triumph'd; while her conqu'ring eyes

Thus made the noblest heroes hearts her prize;

A sudden tumult's heard, and from afar

Thick thronging swords enlighten'd all the air.

Soon messengers the news to *Godfrey* brought,

That *Este's* Prince had with *Gernando* fought,

Who wounded lay upon the verdant space

Reserv'd for sportive arms, a sacred place;

The cause of strife, a steed of *Persian* race.

With grief the sovereign heard, and heralds sent

To bring *Rinaldo* pris'ner to his tent.

These in his tent the youthful hero found,
 Calming his rage with music's solemn sound.
 Their message told, disdainful blushes dy'd
 His cheeks with crimson, and he thus reply'd :
 Heralds ! Go, tell your lord, these conqu'ring hands
 Shall never suffer base, inglorious bands.
 Go, bid him armies bring, in person come,
 Arms shall decide, and heav'n's impartial doom.
 Instant his limbs in armour he array'd,
 And plac'd the radiant helmet on his head ;
 When *Tancred*, *Guelpho*, and some Lords below'd,
 The high pavillion ent'ring, urgent mov'd,
 If he disdain'd to *Godfrey* to submit,
 The royal camp without delay to quit.
 And strait to *Antioch* direct his way,
 And with their friend, King *Boëmonda*, stay ;
 Till they the sov'reign's pardon could obtain,
 And give him back to glory once again.

Their words of friendship touch'd the hero's mind,
 He heard their reason, and his rage resign'd.
 Two trusty squires he chose, the camp forsook,
 And strait the way tow'rd royal *Antioch* took.
 When *Godfrey* heard he had forsook the train,
 His haughty threat'ning, and his fierce disdain;
 Now let him go, he cried, and distant bear
 Strife and debate : while I my crown shall wear,
 No lord, however noble, shall contemn
 The laws, and honours of my diadem.
 So spake the chief : meantime he heard around,
 With feast and music all the tents resound.
 The young *advent'ers*, with like ardour fir'd,
 All to *Armida's* love and crown aspir'd :
 Happy were they, who gain'd a fav'ring glance,
 For this, the lute, the harp, the feast, the dance.
 The prudent chief, who saw them thus inflam'd,
 And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,

Now

Now at their folly blush'd, now in his breast
 Enkindling anger felt, but soon suppress'd.
 But lo, at length arriv'd th' appointed day,
 To send the Princess with the ten away.
 The ten by lots were chose, who instant arm,
 At once with glory, love, and fancied pleasures
 warm;

Then taking leave, their splendid banner spread,
 And follow'd where imperial beauty led.
 But when the night her starry veil display'd,
 Numbers pursu'd them thro' the silent shade.
Eustace o'ertook the troop, at morning dawn;
 T' oppose his coming glitt'ring swords were drawn.
 But strait *Armida* interpos'd between,
 And all who came receiv'd with courteous mien.
 Soon as the prudent chief, at morning light,
 Had heard the youthful hero's secret flight,

Much did he grieve, foreboding in his mind,
 Some treach'rous scheme against those Lords design'd.
 And now his rising tow'rs the Duke survey'd,
 Built with strong timber from the green-wood shade.
 Now shone the sun with his *meridian* ray,
 And from the *zenith* now declin'd the day.
 When lo, in gold and purple clad, came down
 A *king at arms*, from the imperial town ;
 Who in *Argante's* name defy'd to fight,
 Of all the *western* host, the boldest knight.
 With joy the princely train the challenge heard,
 And not a warrior to accept it fear'd.
 The *king at arms* return'd without delay,
 And to the town re-trod his former way.
 Then to *Argante* : I've your challenge borne,
 The bold defiance, bold the foe return.
 Thousands with threat'ning aspects I descry'd,
 Who drew their flaming faulchions from their side.

This heard, the *Pagan* fierce impatience warms,
And from his squires, he strait demands his arms.

Clorinda, (such King *Aladine*'s command)

To guard the knight led forth a chosen band.

Some space before her, down the mount's descent,

Argante rode, in usual ornament ;

His size gigantic, menacing his air,

A dreadful, glorious fight he shone afar.

Godfrey meantime on *Tancred* cast his eye,

As in his arm secure of victory.

The Princes all assent, and all allow

Him worthy most to meet so great a foe.

Thus chosen champion of the host, his mind

Exults with joy ; his aspect sparkling shin'd.

He brac'd his limbs in arms, his steed bestrode,

And from the camp with grand attendance rode.

When casting up a casual glance he spy'd

The fair *Clorinda*, arm'd in pompous pride :

Her

Her vizor up, presented to his view,
 Her charming eyes, and beauty's blooming hue.
 With paces slow he now began to move,
 At length he stop'd; and all inflam'd with love;
 Intent alone to gaze upon the fair,
 The glorious combat seem'd no more his care.
 But soon for fight the lofty trumpets sound,
 The vallies and the mountains echo'd round.
 Then wak'd th' enamour'd Knight, as from a dream,
 Blush'd at his stay, and instant forward came.
 At once both champions couch the beamy spear,
 And spur their fiery steeds, and rush to war.
 Their well-aim'd spears in thousand shivers fly,
 Their helmets ring, and sparks ascend the sky.
 Their gallant steeds, encountring head to head,
 Sunk on the field, and lay awhile for dead.
 But soon the Knights their flaming faulchions drew,
 And starting up, on foot the fight renew.

The proud *Circassian*, with advancing pace,
 Brandish'd his faulchion at the Prince's face.
 The Prince beat off the blow, and in the side
 Of his stern foe, his sword in purple dy'd.
Argante, who beheld the streaming blood,
 That from his flank down his rich armour flow'd,
 Trembled with rage; at once he rais'd on high
 His sword, and forward rush'd with dreadful cry:
 But suddenly receiv'd another wound,
 Where to his shoulder his strong arm was bound.
 As some fierce bear amid the forest-shade,
 Grows furious with the wound the jav'lin made,
 Such seem'd the wounded pagan in his ire,
 His redd'ning eye-balls glow'd with living fire.
 Desire of vengeance, banishing regard
 Of danger, he no longer heeds to ward.
 His faulchion with redoubling blows he plies,
 That seems to set on fire the circling skies.

Tancred,

Tancred, beneath the covert of his shield,
 Sustains the storm, and traverses the field;
 Impatient at the length, and weary grown,
 Still to defend, and to defend alone.
 He stands his ground the giant's force to dare,
 And brandishes his shining sword in air;
 Their swords like light'ning flash, like thunder
 sound,
 And with the force of thunder-bolts they wound.

But now the night o'er heav'n her veil display'd,
 And all things cover'd with her sable shade:
 When swift advancing on the field appear
 Two *kings at arms*, who came to part the war.
Franconian Arideus, and sage *Pindore*,
 Who brought the challenge to the camp before.
 These two between the swords their sceptres rear'd,
 And first *Pindoro's* awful voice was heard:

Forbear,

Forbear, illustrious chiefs! (he thus begun)
 Equal your valour, equal your renown.
 Now sheath your swords, surcease the glorious fight,
 And taste the sacred blessings of the night:
 Man goes to labour with the orient sun,
 At night to sweet repose he lays him down.
 Illustrious minds but little heed to claim
 Nocturnal honours, mute, and lost to fame.

To whom *Argante*; For the gloom of night,
 Herald! I'm loth to quit th' unfinish'd fight.
 But as in open view, and radiant day,
 I wish my valiant actions to display;
 I give consent; but first this Knight be sworn,
 That he to combat will once more return.
 Strait both were sworn: And now, (so will'd each
 Knight)

The heralds fix the day of future fight,

(That

(That proper time to heal their wounds be giv'n)
 When the sixth *orient* morn should gild the heav'n.

This dreadful scene long time remain'd impress,
 In ev'ry *Pagan*, ev'ry *Christian* breast.

But fair *Erminia* was concern'd the most,
 Who from a tow'r, that overlook'd the host,
 With terror had the flaming faulchions seen,
 And all th' events upon the list'd green.

Each time the pagan brandish'd high his blade,
 The stroke a wound in her soft bosom made.

Her sire of *Antioch* once possess'd the throne,
 But when that city *Boëmondo* won,

The conqu'ring soldiers, with rich treasures fraught,
 The captive Princess to brave *Tancred* brought:

All honours due to her high rank he pay'd;
 And with her jew'ls restor'd, releas'd th' imperial
 maid.

This

This gen'rous treatment, and his noble mind,
 With manly beauty, highest valour join'd,
 Love's warmest fire enkindled in her breast,
 And time and absence but the flame encreas'd.
 All herbs she knew with healing virtues fraught,
 (Such science *then* imperial maids were taught)
 For *Tancred* now she wish'd t' employ her art,
 Yet love and honour long divide her heart:
 Love at the length prevail'd: but how escape
 The palace guards, and in what borrow'd shape?
 Last she determin'd to conceal her charms
 Beneath her friend *Clorinda's* silver arms.
 These she, in absence of the warlike maid,
 To her own room clandestinely convey'd.
 A damsel lov'd, a trusty squire long try'd,
 She chose t' assist her, and the steeds provide:
 And soon as shades of night began to rise,
 And twinkling stars were lighted in the skies,

She,

She loos'd her pompous robe that swept the ground,
 On her soft breast the silver cuirass bound,
 The plumed helmet on her temples tied,
 And hung a glitt'ring falchion at her side.
 Love smil'd, and clap'd his purple wings above,
 As when in silken robes he clad the son of *Jove*.
 With tott'ring steps, and leaning on her maid,
 She seeks the court, where now the horses stay'd.
 All three strait mount, and to escape from view,
 Thro' least frequented streets their way pursue;
 Yet oft the station'd guards they saw with dread,
 Whose arms shot light'ning thro' the gloomy shade.
 But all to the known ensigns rev'rence paid.
 Arriving at the gates, the guard she calls:
 Sent by the King, said she, I leave these walls:
 Open the gates: Instant the guards obey
 Her awful word, and wide the gates display,

Deceiv'd.

Deceiv'd by semblance of the maid renown'd,
 And the like sweetness of her voice's sound.
 All three in haste forth pass'd, and silent went
 Thro' paths, that winded down the hill's descent.
 When now no more she fear'd to be detain'd,
 In the lone vale her courser she restrain'd :
 Dangers, unthought of, now her heart alarm'd,
 What folly thus the camp to enter arm'd !
 Whence strait she calls her squire, and bade him go,
 And strive to gain safe conduct mid the foe,
 To *Tancred's* tent ; and secret tell the chief,
 A Princess wish'd to give his wounds relief,
 If she in safety might approach his tent ;
 But charg'd him not to tell, what Princess sent.
 Such was her virgin fancy, to surprise
 The hero, with *Erminia* in disguise.
 The squire strait turn'd the reins, and swiftly flew
 Along the vale, till near the trench he drew.

The guard receiv'd him courteous, and convey'd,
 Where in his lofty tent the Prince was laid:
 The squire in secret there his message told:
 With joy the hero heard, and fill'd his hand with
 gold:

Then gave command that some the Princess wait,
 And safe conduct her to his room of state.

The squire with these glad tydings mounts his
 horse,

And back to seek his mistress bends his course;
 Leaving the chief suspended in his mind,
 Who this *unknown* might be, so noble and so kind.
 Meantime *Erminia*, with impatience stung,
 Thought ev'ry moment of his stay too long;
 And left the valley for a neighb'ring height,
 From whence the Christian ensigns lay in sight.
 Now night had spread her starry veil serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercast the solemn scene:

The rising moon refulgent beam'd around,
 Sprinkling with vivid pearl the glitt'ring ground;
 When, hapless chance! a guard that lay conceal'd
 Between the hills, th' incautious maid beheld:
 By her bright arms, and radiant helm betray'd,
 On which the moon with full reflexion play'd.
 The chief, who saw that armour's lustre white,
 Cried out, *Clorinda* see on yonder height!
 His troop straight take th' alarm, and from their side
 Their gleaming swords unsheath, and up the mountain
 ride.

As when a tim'rous hind, whom thirst inflames,
 Seeks the cool waters of the living streams,
 If on the shady banks she meet the hounds,
 She turns, she flies, and o'er the vallies bounds.
 So far'd *Erminia*; so with trembling dread,
 Forsook the hill, and o'er the vallies fled.

Separate her damsel fled, and now too late
 The squire arriv'd, nor knew the Princess' fate.
 Meantime a soldier, who had kept his post,
 Return'd with tidings to the *Christian* host:
 How great *Clorinda* had in arms appear'd,
 And how she fled before the station'd guard.
 When *Tancred* heard these news; Alas, said he,
 'This was the Princess fair, who came to me,
 For me endanger'd is—nor more he thought,
 But seiz'd in part his arms; his courser fought;
 And o'er those sandy hills, and vallies green,
 To seek his Love impetuous rode, unseen.

B O O K V.

MEantime *Erminia*, long in vain pursu'd,
 Had gain'd the covert of an antient wood.
 Half in a swoon, her trembling hand retains
 No more the guidance of the filken reins.
 Her horse at random thro' the forest flew,
 And mid the windings soon was left to view.
 The knights return'd from their successless chace,
 With grief, and weariness, and blushing face.
 But she still fled, and thought her foes behind,
 In ev'ry shaken leaf, and breath of wind.
 All night she fled, and all the following day;
 But when the golden sun descended to the sea,

To sacred *Jordan's* flow'ry banks she came,
 And there alighted by the silver stream ;
 There wept and sigh'd ; till by soft sleep oppress'd,
 She clos'd her beauteous eyes, and sunk to rest.

The painted birds the verd'rous boughs among,
 Awak'd the Princess with their morning song ;
 Soft fanning airs on leaves and waters play,
 And mix their music with the tuneful lay.
Erminia op'd her eyes, and saw around,
 The cots of swains, and heard their reeds resound.
 Soft tow'rd the notes she went, and soon descri'd
 An antient swain, two children at his side.
 Who on the grove's green borders sate and sung,
 While their flock graz'd the river banks along.
 At once their strains they ceas'd, silent thro' fear,
 Soon as they saw the radiant arms appear.
 But she the helm took off, her forehead fair
 Reveal'd, her lovely eyes, and golden hair ;

Then

Then gently said: These arms no warfare bring
 To your sweet charge, or those sweet tunes you sing.
 Part of her fortunes then the Queen reveal'd,
 And wish'd to live in that abode conceal'd,
 And proffer'd gems to move the shepherd's mind;
 But he soon kindled with compassion kind,
 Consol'd her grief, and led to his abode,
 Fast by the stream, and shaded by the wood.
 His wife there welcom'd her with dainty cheer,
 And fruits selected from the garden near.
Erminia there determin'd to reside,
 Till fortune should a safe return provide.
 A past'ral robe the Princess chose to wear,
 With a coarse veil o'ershades her shining hair.
 But still her motion, look, and air betray'd
 The lustre of her birth, and shew'd th' imperial
 maid.

Arm'd with a slender crook her flock she leads
 'To the green forests, or the flow'ry meads.
 With *Tancred's* name, in knots of various kind,
 Inscribes the laurel and the beechen rind;
 And oft as she the name belov'd reviews,
 The crystal tear her rosy cheek bedews.
 How there she met a *solitary* sage,
 By whom instructed in the *holy* page,
 Her heart was kindled into heav'nly love;
 And how she did to *Solima* remove,
 There, at the altar, took the vestal veil;
 The muse relates not, since a well-known tale;
 But turns to *Tancred*, who, as fortune led,
 Far distant wander'd from the beauteous maid.
 The wood he reach'd, but there no track he found,
 So thick a shade o'erspread the leafy ground;
 Yet still he forward rode with list'ning ear,
 Or foot of horse, or clank of arms to hear.

He pass'd the forest, and thro' paths unknown,
 Went on beneath the radiance of the moon.
 At length hoarse rumbling sounds his ears invade,
 And thither with impetuous haste he made.
 But soon his hopes all vanish'd; for he came,
 Where gushing from a rock, in copious stream,
 A fountain flow'd, and form'd a torrent strong,
 That o'er the pebbles rush'd, its verdant banks along.
 Here stop'd the chief and call'd, but call'd in vain,
 Alone an echo answer'd him again.
 Then looking upward, he beheld the skies
 With purple blushing, and the day arise.
 At once with grief and rage the hero glow'd,
 And if the fair was harm'd fierce vengeance vow'd;
 Despairing of success, to turn him back,
 He now thought best, and sought his former track:
 When suddenly he heard th' approaching sound
 Of horse's hoofs, that beat the hollow ground.

Soon from a narrow vale came forth to view,
 A man, who seem'd a messenger in shew.
 He clank'd his whip, and in th' *Italian* mode,
 With crooked *bugle* at his side he rode.
Tancred demanded to what place he went?
 To *Godfrey*, he reply'd, from *Boëmond* I'm sent.
 The Prince believ'd, and following on his way,
 They reach'd a castle with the setting day.
 An antient fortress, and strong built it stood,
 On ev'ry side furrounded with a flood.
 The courier gave the fort a warning blast;
 And strait a draw-bridge o'er the ditch was cast;
 If you a Christian are, said he, my lord,
 You here may rest till day-light be restor'd.
 Not three days since, did Count *Coxenza* win
 This antique castle, from the *Sarasin*.

But now in *Tancred's* breast suspicion rose,
 That fort some secret treach'ry might enclose.

Yet

Yet still his noble bosom felt no dread;
 Nor from his cheek the manly colour fled.
 But as to meet *Argante* he had sworn,
 And for their fight approach'd th' appointed morn,
 No new adventure would the hero try;
 Whence strait he turn'd to pass the castle by.
 When lo, a knight from forth the fortress came,
 With brandish'd faulchion, like a waving flame;
 And in *Armida's* name, and to her charms,
 Requir'd the Prince to yield his sword and arms;
 And solemn swear her empire to maintain,
 Against Lord *Godfrey* and the *Christian* train.
 Lord *Tancred* on the champion fix'd his view,
 And by his ensigns proud *Grandonio* knew,
 Who for *Armida* had his faith deny'd:
 Whence, blushing with disdain, the Prince reply'd:
 Perfidious slave, and lost to sense of shame!
 Knowst thou not me? know, *Tancred* is my name.

Here

Here not without heav'n's guidance am I come;
 On thee to execute its sov'reign doom.
 That name, *Grandonio* heard with dread surprise,
 Yet strove his secret terrors to disguise
 With lofty mien, and gestures of disdain;
 And bold defiance bade in haughty strain.

The Prince at once his shining faulchion bar'd,
 And lighting from his steed for fight prepar'd.
 For now his foe, beneath his ample shield,
 Passing the bridge, advanc'd upon the field.
 Now set the sun, and night her veil display'd,
 Involving heav'n and earth in fable shade;
 When lo, a thousand lamps the fort emblaze,
 And pierce the shadows with their glitt'ring rays.
 A pompous theatre it seem'd in show,
 Adorn'd for tragic scenes, with lustres many a row.
 Unseen, *Armida* on a terras fate,
 Curious to view from thence the stern debate.

Between

Between the knights a dreadful fight was try'd,
 Their swords like light'ning flash'd on ev'ry side.
 On *Tancred's* ample front a stroke so strong,
Grandonio strook; the helmet loudly rung:
 Stagger'd the chief, but rage new force supplies,
 And thro' his vizor shone his ardent eyes.
 His furious faulchion with a weighty stroke,
Grandonio's shield of steel and iv'ry broke.
 Wounded, disarm'd, confus'd with shame and fright,
 He turn'd, and tow'rd the fortress took to flight.
 The Prince pursu'd; but from the castle wall
 The brilliant lamps on sudden vanish'd all.
 Nor moon nor stars their silver rays afford;
 Thus timely favour'd, scap'd the *Pagan* Lord.
 But *Tancred* in the darkness pass'd the gate,
 Unknowing, and his error found too late;
 The iron portal clos'd with jarring sound,
 And thicker darkness now enwrapt him round.

Three times in vain to force the gates he strove;

When a loud voice proceeded from above:

Desist, it cried; thy efforts, Prince! are vain;

Armida's captive here thou shalt remain;

Nor hope to view the radiant sun again.

No answer made the warrior, but suppress

The mighty sorrow in his noble breast;

Love he accus'd, the unrelenting fates,

His own strange blindness, other's fierce deceits.

At last he softly to himself begun:

Small were the loss to lose the radiant sun;

But I, alas! must the sweet beams forego,

Of a far brighter sun: Nor do I know

If my sad soul shall e'er again survey,

And grow serene beneath its cheering ray.

Then to his thought the promis'd combat came,

The loss of glory and the dread of shame.

While

While midst enchantments thus the hero mourns,
And love and honour tear his heart by turns:

Argante, fir'd with love of glory's charms,

Impatient long'd to meet his foe in arms.

The day appointed for the noble fight,

Before *Aurora* shed her rosy light,

He brac'd his arms, arms by the King bestow'd,

Adorn'd with gold and gems, a precious load.

As threat'ning comets, when by night they rise,

Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies,

Kingdoms with change, and dire diseases fright,

To purple tyrants a sinister light;

So flam'd the Pagan in his rich attire:

His rolling eye-balls glow'd with living fire.

With brandish'd sword he smote th' impassive air,

Breathing defiance, blood, and mortal war.

His ready grooms his martial steed adorn,

He mounts, forsakes the town, and winds his horn.

Like rattling thunder seem'd the shrilling sound,
 The rocks and caverns echo'd wide around.
Tancred now absent, strait the lots were thrown,
 And Count *Raimondo* claim'd the fight his own.
 With gen'rous ardour he was seen to rise,
 Glowing his cheek, and sparkling were his eyes:
 So shines renew'd in youth, a serpent old,
 And flames against the sun, in scales of gold.
 A bright bay steed, with trappings rich o'erspread,
 Sprightly and light, in *Lusitania* bred,
 The hoary warrior mounts, and to maintain
 The Christian honour, hastens to the plain.
 Now issuing from the town, in pomp appears,
Clorinda's legion arm'd with pointed spears,
 And from the camp advancing in a line,
 Great *Baldwin's* and *Raimondo's* forces join.
 Meantime ascending the *empyrean* tow'r,
 Fraught with celestial arms, and light'ning's winged
 store, The

The angel *Adriel*, (so th' eternal will'd)
 From the bright treasure took a diamond shield :
 With this to guard *Raimondo* he descends,
 And near his side, invifible attends.

Argante, wond'ring, faw the unknown knight,
 And ask'd, why *Tancred* came not forth to fight ?
 The Earl, his abfence, as he could, excus'd,
 And fir'd the *Pagan* with the terms he us'd.
 At once both fet their lances in the reft,
 Their gallant steeds againft each other preft.
Raimondo's fpear his foe's high plumage tore,
Argante's lance afide the *angel* bore :
 Enrag'd, upon the ground the fpear he threw,
 And from his fide the flaming faulchion drew,
 Then fierce advanc'd, but *Raimond* leap'd afide,
 And as he pafs'd, his fword in purple dy'd.
 Now here, now there, he turns the nimble reins,
 And cautious ftill, a circling fight maintains ;

G

While

While still deluded of the stroke design'd,
Argante wastes his forces in the wind.

Thus fought they long ; the Earl unhurt remain'd,
 But his foe's armour was with crimson stain'd.

At length *Argante* aim'd a mighty blow,
 Full on the helm of his unguarded foe :

But *Adriel* instant on his arm out-held

The *diamond* of th' immortal, heav'nly shield.

The shiver'd sword deceiv'd the *Pagan's* hand,

The falling fragments glitter'd on the sand.

Amaz'd, *Argante* saw his hand disarm'd,

And surely deem'd the *Christian's* armour charm'd.

Intrepid still, with fury uncontroll'd,

At the *Earl's* helm he hurl'd the hilt of gold:

Then like a lion, glowing with disdain,

To seize the Count he strove, but strove in vain ;

On his well manag'd steed aside he springs,

And wounds his foe, curvets and rides in rings.

But

But now *Astarte*, who her champion's life
 Endanger'd saw, resolv'd to end the strife.
 Of air condens'd a spectre soon she made,
 And what *Clorinda* was, such seem'd the shade.
 Graceful her air, a sparkling plumage crown'd
 Her silver helm, and sweet her voice's sound.
 The phantom *Osman* fought, an archer old,
 And him, with promise of large sums of gold,
 And royal favour, urg'd to bend his bow,
Argante's glory save, and wound his foe.
 Pleas'd with the rich reward, he chose with speed
 The shaft, predestin'd for th' ignoble deed.
 The well-aim'd weapon whizzes on the wing,
 Sounds the tough yew, and twangs the quiv'ring
 string.

The arrow reach'd the Count, a passage found
 Where his broad belt the golden buckles bound;

Just raz'd the skin, its point in purple stain'd,
 For the celestial guard its force restrain'd.
Raimondo drew the shaft, and cast it by;
 Forth spins the blood, and trickles down his thigh:
Godfrey with grief the crimson stream beheld,
 And instant urg'd his troops to take the field.
 The wish'd assault *Clorinda's* troops embrace,
 And meet their ardour in the middle space.
 Thick dust obscures the fields; the fields resound
 With breaking spears; shields, helmets ring around,
 And men and steeds lye grov'ling on the ground.
 But fierce *Astarte*, for her friends afraid,
 With gather'd clouds the face of day o'erspread,
 (So heav'n allow'd); the pealing thunders roll,
 And forky light'nings flash from pole to pole;
 Bluster the winds, the sky incessant pours
 A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.

Standards

Standards and ensigns, from their bearers torn,
 Are snatch'd aloft, and far to distance borne.
 Compell'd, both armies from the field retire,
 Driv'n by the dreadful storm, and light'ning's blazing
 fire..

B O O K VI.

NOW ceas'd the storm ; and glorious to behold,
Aurora shone in roses deck'd with gold :

When fierce *Astarte* spread her dusky wing,
 And fought proud *Solyman*, the *Turkish* King.
 This Prince in *Nice* once held the seat supreme ;
 The realms, from *Sangar* to *Meander's* stream,
 His sceptre sway'd ; but when the *western* pow'rs,
 By storm, surmounted the *Nicaean* tow'rs,
 To *Ægypt's* court he fled ; there sums of gold
 Obtain'd, with which th' *Arabians* he enroll'd :
 And wand'ring now with an unnumber'd train,
 The convoys stop'd between the camp and main.

Still

Still mindful of his kingdom lost, resolv'd
 Various grand schemes, but yet on none resolv'd,
 To him, *Astarte* came, in shape and mien
 Like *Fatima*, his haughty Empress-Queen :
 Her beauteous brows a splendid *turban* bound,
 Purfl'd with pearl, and rubies set around ;
 A crimson vest with gold brocade she wore,
 And at her back, a golden quiver bore :
 With her black eyes his person she survey'd ;
 Then thus with blushes of disdain she said :

How long will *Solyman* such toils sustain,
 Where no rich plunder can reward his pain ?
 Lo, *Godfrey* thunders at th' *imperial* town,
 And soon the wealthy conquest will be won !
 And do you thus regain your conquer'd land,
 And place again the sceptre in my hand ?
 Haste, arm your *Arabs*, issue to the plain,
 In shades of night assault yon *western* train ;

Their careless chief secure of danger lies,
 Nor deems these squadrons dare such bold emprise,
 She spoke; and kindling fury in his mind
 Rous'd with her breath; then vanish'd in the wind.

The *Soldan* lifts on high his hands and eyes:
 O thou, who hast inflam'd my soul, he cries;
 No mortal thou, tho' mortal semblance thine,
 Gladly to follow thee, my steps incline:
 Soon shall thine eyes upon the plain behold,
 Mountains of dead, and bloody torrents roll'd:
 But thou be present, thou to battle come,
 And guide my faulchion thro' the nightly gloom.
 This said; he arms his troops, their courage fires,
 And his own ardour in their souls inspires.
 And now dark shades of night began to rise,
 Few were the stars, that twinkled in the skies:
Astarte blew the trumpet's signal sound,
 Th' imperial standard to the winds unbound.

Fir'd with the hopes of new recover'd sway,
 With rapid march the *Soldan* speeds his way.
Astarte left him at the noon of night,
 And to the regal city took her flight;
 In shape a courier, told the *Turk's* designs,
 And signal to attack the hostile lines.
 And now not far from where the tents were spread:
 The *Soldan* halted, and his coursers fed;
 Then on an eminence his stand he took,
 And thus to fire his troops the monarch spoke:
 The camp you haste t' assail with quick surprise,
 Dissolv'd in slumber, and defenceless lies,
 An easy conquest! then dismiss all fear,
 And think what splendid plunder each will share:
 Rich suits of armour, sprightly steeds and bold,
 Caparison'd in purple and in gold,
 Will amply your grand enterprize requite:
 Besides, what glory will attend this night!

Thus

Thus he inflam'd them, and then forward leads
 His troops in silence thro' the ambient shades.
 But by the glimm'ring light the stars supply'd,
 The sentinels the King's approach descry'd;
 And rous'd th' *advanc'd guard* with their loud
 alarms,

Who instant mount their steeds and stand to arms.
 The foes, who their approach discover'd found,
 Their martial metals with shrill clangors found.
 Th' impetuous *Soldan* first the guard assail'd,
 Scarcely as yet prepar'd, and soon prevail'd:
 His brandish'd faulchion with tremendous gleam
 Kindled the air, and spread a sanguine stream:
 Not with so fierce a rage the foaming floods
 Break down the dams, or thunders rend the woods,
 As the proud King o'erturn'd the scatter'd band,
 And spread destruction from his furious hand.

Back

Back to the camp the *Christians* take their course,
 And with them enter all th' *Arabian* force :
 A fable plume the *Soldan's* helm adorn'd ;
 Beneath, with flashing flames a *dragon* burn'd :
 By these dread splendours, that incessant glow'd,
 Amid the shades, the proud *Nicaean* show'd
 Dreadful as *ocean*, seen by light'ning's light,
 Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night.

But *Godfrey* now, who at the first alarms,
 Had started up, and sheath'd his limbs in arms ;
 Soon in battallion rang'd a gallant throng,
 And numbers join'd him, as he march'd along :
 And thus augmented to a pow'rful force,
 T'oppose the *Turkish* King he takes his course.
 So from his native *Alps* descending down,
 The *Po* can scarce an humble channel drown ;
 But still as further from his fount he flows,
 The king of rivers more abundant grows ;

His golden horns above the broken bounds,
 He lifts, and, victor, whelms the neighb'ring
 grounds;

Pushes at *Adria* with a proud disdain,
 And carries war, not tribute, to the main:
 Thus *Godfrey* came, the *Soldan's* might to dare,
 While sounding trumpets rend the dusky air.
 His sword on each hand mows th' *Arabians* down,
 Whole troops are broken, and their ranks o'erthrown.
 Bounding o'er hills of slain, thro' dust and blood,
 O'er men and fleeds, o'er arms, and arm'd he rode.
 King *Solyman* perceiv'd the foe draw near,
 And rais'd his sword aloft to meet the war.

Now hand to hand the royal champions meet;
 The foil resounds beneath their coursers feet;
 Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,
 And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly:

Courage

Courage conspires with chance ; and both engage,
 With equal fortune, and with equal rage.
 But in their leaders aid the troops unite,
 On either side, and mingled grew the fight.

While here the war was with such fury try'd,
 The trumpets sounded on another side :
Clorinda and *Argante* there came down,
 Follow'd by num'rous squadrons from the town :
 But there t' oppose them noble *Guelpho* find,
 And soon the troops in bloody conflict join'd ;
 While all the *Genies*, hov'ring o'er, conspire
 T' assist the *Syrians*, and their bosoms fire.
 But now th' Almighty from th' *empyrean* sphere,
 With eyes displeas'd beheld them mid the war ;
 And *Azael* call'd, from where sublime he shone,
 Mid *myriads*, that surround th' *eternal* throne :
 Then bade him instant to the fight repair,
 And drive the *dæmons* from the fields of air,

The lovely *angel* heard well-pleas'd the word,
 And rev'rent bow'd before Heav'n's sov'reign Lord:
 For his grand flight his golden wings he spreads,
 Thro' the celestial courts rejoicing speeds.
 The *crystal* circle, and *fix'd* stars he pass'd,
 Between the *planets* wing'd his rapid haste.
 Where'er he comes, his presence glory brings,
 The dark air fanning with his gorgeous wings.
 Night's shades are gilded with the beams divine,
 That streaming from his sparkling visage shine.
 So, after rain, the sun's gay beams unfold,
 And tinge the clouds with purple and with gold.
 So to the earth descends a seeming star,
 With sweeping glories thro' the shaded air.

Soon as the *Genies* saw his count'nance bright,
 Confus'd with fear, on heaps they take to flight,
 And leave the starry realms, and seek their caves
 of night.

Not flocks of birds so num'rous thro' the sky,
 O'er the blue seas to warmer regions fly;
 Not half so thick in *Valombrosa's* woods,
 The falling leaves in *Autumn* strow the floods;
 The heav'n disburthen'd of their gloomy train,
 Took a new aspect, and rejoic'd again.

And now the rosy morn began to rise,
 And spread her purple lustre o'er the skies:
 Behold *Emilia's*, and *Clorinda's* charms,
 With ensigns gay, amid the field of arms!
 Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
 And both with equal courage urg'd the war:
 But heav'n their congress in the field withstands,
 Still driv'n afunder by the rushing bands.

His faulchion in *Clorinda's* beauteous side
 Great *Guelpho* with some drops of crimson dy'd:
 A quick return the haughty virgin made,
 And 'twixt his ribs impell'd her glitt'ring blade.

A youth

A youth there was amid th' *Arabian* throng,
 From fair *Monimia*, and the *Soldan* sprung :
 Upon a steed he rode, by far more white
 Than new-fall'n snow on *Apennine's* height ;
 Nimble to bound, and rapid in the race,
 Nor storm, nor light'ning, equal'd half his pace.
 Lovely the boy ; a baldrick's splendid pride
 Sustain'd the sword, that glitter'd at his side :
 His flowing surcoat, glorious to behold,
 Was *Sidon* purple, grac'd with pearl and gold.
 Him, *Emilie* beheld with ardent eyes,
 Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize ;
 And sudden overthrew ; then leaping down,
 Of his gay tresses seiz'd the curling crown :
 But when she saw his blooming face more near,
 Where drops of sweat like *orient* pearls appear,
 His supplicating eyes, that grace implor'd ;
 Touch'd with compassion, she restrain'd her sword,

And

And gave him captive to her following train ;
Then rush'd amid the press of war again.

While thus the war in dubious balance hung,
Nor fortune quite forsook the *Pagan* throng ;
Lo, a new cloud of dust o'erspreads the fields,
Flashing with splendid arms, and blazing shields :
Full fifty knights were these, who bore above,
The royal bird in silver tissue wove.

Who can relate what glorious deeds were done,
By valour of this gallant troop alone ?

The *Syrian* squadrons all forsook the fight,
Spite of *Clorinda's* and *Argante's* might,

Who fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain,
And strive to stop the routed bands in vain.

For these the sword, and those the shield cast down,
No longer their defence, but hindrance grown.

A vale between the camp and town there lay,
From the *south* stretching tow'rd the *western* day :

H

Thither

Thither with headlong flight they take the road,
 While all their way with glitt'ring arms lies strow'd.
 When up the hill they strove to reach the town,
 King *Aladine* in aid came fiercely down :
 His squadrons thus deliver'd from their fate,
 And 'gainst the victors clos'd the regal gate.
 Mean-while, the *Arabs* totally o'erthrown,
 The *Soldan* in the camp remain'd alone.
 With labour spent, no longer can he wield
 The weighty faulchion, or sustain the shield ;
 O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling,
 The weapons round his hollow temples ring ;
 His golden helm is beaten to his brows ;
 His breath in quick short pantings comes and goes,
 And painful sweat o'er all his members flows :
 The gather'd dust his purple surcoat stains,
 And of his regal pomp scarce any mark remains,

Unwilling,

Unwilling, at the length, he yields to fate,
And in a dusty whirlwind makes retreat.
A lion so, distain'd with dust and blood,
Chas'd from the fold regains the hills and wood.

B O O K · VII.

THUS fled the *Soldan* over hill and dale,
 Till shades all nature's beauteous tints conceal;
 Then, where a palm-tree spread its verdant boughs,
 He ate some dates, and sought a short repose.
 But while his eyes were yet in slumber bound,
 At noon of night, a voice of solemn sound,
 Sudden invades his ears; and thus it spake:
 O *Solyman*! illustrious King! awake:
 Till fitter season leave t' indulge your rest,
 King *Aladinè* expects you for his guest.
 You in this chariot will I safe transport,
 In open day, to that great Prince's court.

In *Solima*'s defence employ your arms,
 Till *Ægypt*'s forces come to join th' alarms.
Ismen am I, whom magic arts renown ;
 I rule the *Genies* that protect the crown.
 The King with wonder view'd the *Magus* o'er ;
 Give me to war, he said, I ask no more.
 And now the joyous fun began to rise,
 And with his radiance gild the crimson skies.
 Both mount the chariot ; light the courfers bound,
 And champ the iron bit, and spread the foam around.
Ismen enshrin'd in clouds the glitt'ring car,
 That went so swift, it seem'd to glide in air.
 They pass the camp, and up the mountain drive,
 And at the walls of *Solima* arrive.
 At *Ismen*'s word, obedient op'd the gate ;
 Unseen, they traverse splendid streets of state,
 Till at the palace of the King they light ;
 Instant the chariot vanish'd from their sight.

They pass the guards, to a grand hall they come,
 Thence mount a stair-case to a regal room ;
 Where with his sceptre, and his temples crown'd,
 The King sat thron'd amidst his nobles round.
 The *Soldan* yet the hollow cloud within,
 Look'd round, and all about him, saw unseen ;
 And heard the council variously debate,
 And how they mourn'd his loss and hapless fate.
 At length, at his desire, the cloud gave way,
 The mist flew upward and dissolv'd in day.
 The *Turkish* King appear'd in open fight,
 August in visage, and refulgent bright.
 The tyrant and his nobles all amaze,
 Their aspect bent at that so sudden blaze,
 And whom they wish'd, beheld : with loud acclaim,
 Round him with joy congratulant they came :
 Old *Aladine* the *Soldan* close embrac'd,
 And on his gorgeous throne in lustre plac'd.

These

These honours done : both Kings the grand debate
Pursue, how best to save the threaten'd state.

Meantime great *Godfrey* had some squadrons sent,
To chase th' *Arabian* troops, and their assaults prevent.
Back to his tent the chief return'd again,

In pomp attended by a noble train.

And there the knights, who had in battle shown
Such proofs of matchless force, themselves made known.

These were the Lords, who under shades of night,
Had after Queen *Armida* took their flight :

All blush'd with conscious shame : *Britannia's* Prince

Thus told the sov'reign chief, what happen'd since ;

He thus began : In secret we forsook

The camp, and soon the Princess overtook ;

Who with deluding charms, perceiv'd too late,

Kindled our rival fires, and mutual hate.

At length we came, where a strong castle stood,

Encompass'd with a calm, transparent flood :

Ent'ring the fort, we found a pleasant scene,
 Cool grottoes, meads, and groves for ever green.
 Sweet sung the tuneful birds : I pass untold
 The wond'rous works of marble and of gold.
 Upon the filken grass, beneath a shade,
 Where a clear stream delightful murmur made,
 In gold and silver vases, sculptur'd fair,
 Were viands set, a banquet rich and rare.
 All dainties ev'ry season could supply,
 All that affords on earth, or sea, or sky ;
 Whate'er art seasons : and with garlands crown'd,
 An hundred blooming damsels waited round,
 Sweet smiles, sweet words the fair enchantress joins :
 But while we joyous quaff her fragrant wines,
 To quit your party she our troop invites,
 Proff'ring for this her treasures and delights.
 If you refuse ; then know to me belong
 The pow'rs of magic and commanding song ;

Your

Your form I instantly can change with these
 To tawny lions, bears, or birds, or trees.
 She spoke: and touching with her pow'ful wand
 Three chiefs, all suddenly transform'd they stand:
 A tawny lion, and a bear, we see;
 The third shoots up, with verdant leaves, a tree.
 But soon her charms their former shape restore;
 Then made she her proposals, as before.
 Confus'd, in wonder and amaze we stand,
 Reject her offers; when an armed band
 Our armour seiz'd, that scatter'd lay around,
 And us within a darksome dungeon bound:
 To the same castle *Tancred* was betray'd:
 Nor long, ere all tow'rd *Gaza* were convey'd,
 A gift to *Egypt's* King: when lo! appear'd
 The Prince of *Est*, and put to flight the guard.
 Thus freed, our limbs we with our arms adorn,
 Which in a carriage were for *trophies* borne.

Not

Not yet the sun three times has giv'n the day,
Since he to *Antioch* purfu'd his way.

He ceas'd ; when sudden to the spacious skies,
The prophet *Hermas* lifts his bright'ning eyes :
His colour chang'd, his face was not the same,
Celestial glories round his temples beam :
To the *empyrean*, his enraptur'd mind
Mounts up, and leaves the starry pole behind.
He rais'd his voice, and at the thund'ring sound,
The *Christian* Princes stand attentive round.

Illustrious youth ! design'd by heav'n to shine
The grace and glory of the *Esian* line.
Those acts, that thro' the *orient* spread his name,
Are but the prelude of his future fame.
In peaceful arts his lustre I behold,
His *dukedom* happy in an age of gold.
From him, a worthy offspring shall be born,
And childrens children the long line adorn ;

Who shall in various countries sceptres bear,
And shine illustrious both in peace and war.

He ceas'd; and pleas'd with the lov'd Prince's
[fame,
The Peers return the *Prophet* loud acclaim :
Alone amid the joy, that reign'd around,
Great *Godfrey* stood immers'd in thought profound.
But now the night the vaulted heav'n ascends,
And o'er the world her starry veil extends,
While sleep descending, o'er the tents bestows
His balmy gifts, and calls to sweet repose.

Soon as the morn with crimson deck'd the heav'n,
Godfrey arose : and strait the word was giv'n,
That all the host should in *procession* move,
To the fair *Mount of Olives* verdant grove ;
With hymns and sacred rites, implore the grace
Of heav'n's high King, to aid the *Christian* race.
The sov'reign's orders instant were obey'd :
Forth in white garments came the *priests* array'd ;

The

The *pontifs* shoulders broider'd *cofes* infold,
 Their temples *mitres*, rich with gems and gold.
 Sage *Hermas* led the pomp, and bore on high
 A silver dove in silk of purple dye.
 With solemn pace and flow, attend behind,
 The hymning quire, in two long ranks disjoin'd,
 Alternate chanting, as they move along,
 With humble look, the heav'n-directed song.
 The princely *prelates* close the tuneful band,
 A-breast, with gilded *croziers* in their hand.
 Then *Godfrey* came, in robe with purple dyed,
 In state, with no companion at his side.
 By two and two succeed each prince and peer;
 Last the camp arm'd, whose splendours fire the air.
 Thus o'er the trench their beauteous ranks they held,
 A tide of glory, streaming to the field.
 No drum was heard, no trumpet's clangor rung,
 While *Piety* her hymn melodious sung.

Ther,

Thee, Father! *Thee*, the Son, his image bright,
 Effulgence of his glory, equal light!
Thee, who from union of their mutual love,
 Pure flaming *Spirit*, dost irradiant move!
Thee humbly we invoke, thrice holy fire!
 Come, and our hearts with heav'nly love inspire:
 Come, and thy sacred, glad'ning *unction* bring,
 And sanctify us, while our God we sing;
 Our human frailties help, our vice controul,
 Submit the wand'ring senses to the soul;
 And when rebellious, as too oft, they're grown,
 Then lay thy heav'nly hand, and hold them down:
 Come, and thy sacred, glad'ning *unction* bring,
 And sanctify us, while our God we sing.
 Symphonious, thus the camp, devoutly flow,
 With circling pomp, in long procession go,
 And tow'rd *Mount Olivet* their progress frame,
 Which from its olive-trees derives the name;

Mount,

Mount, to the world by sacred fame well known,
 Arising eastward of the regal town ;
 The vale of *Josaphat* sole lies between,
 And parts the city from the *sylvan* scene.

There went the host canorous ; while around,
 The hills and hollow vales the notes rebound,
 And rocks and caves restore the tuneful sound. }
 It seem'd, some *sylvan* quire sweet music made,
 Hid in those caverns, and that verdant shade.
 Upon the walls the wond'ring *Pagans* throng,
 New to the splendid scene, and pleasing song.

An altar on the mountain's top was rais'd ;
 Where in gold candlesticks white wax-lights blaz'd.
 Th' *orangian* in a filken, broider'd vest,
 To highest heav'n the common vows address :
 That done ; while *censers* fragrant incense flung,
 He blest the hosts ; then sweet the trumpets sung.

All to the camp return'd the way they came,
 Their order as before, their pomp the same.
 Great *Godfrey* gave the chiefs a sumptuous feast,
 And o'er against him old *Raimondo* plac'd.
 When now they had appeas'd desire of food,
 And crown'd the goblet with a purple flood;
 The Chief commands, that with the morning light,
 All issue forth in arms, prepar'd for fight.
 They take their leave, and strait the heralds round
 Proclaim the royal will, with trumpets sound.
 Cheerful they pass the day, till night arose
 With silent shadows, friendly to repose.
Aurora scarce the east with roses spread,
 Nor yet to meads their flocks the shepherds led;
 Nor turn'd the glebe as yet the shining plow;
 The tuneful birds fate silent on the bough:
 When loud to arms the silver trumpets sound,
 The lofty notes, the hills and vales rebound.

Great

Great *Godfrey* rose, himself before the rest,
 His manly person in light armour drest;
This, Baldwin, Eustace, and the Princes view,
 And all th' example of their chief pursue.
 Meantime the foe, rous'd at the loud alarms,
 The northern ramparts croud with men and arms.
 There tower'd the *Soldan*, and *Argante's* might;
 While fair *Clorinda*, on a turret's height,
 Like *Cynthia*, in her silver armour shin'd,
 Her loaded quiver graceful hung behind.
 The King surveys his troops, their order guides,
 And all things needful for defence provides.
 The *Solimaean* dames, a splendid train,
 In long procession seek their prophet's fane:
 Great prophet! patron of our arms, they pray'd,
 Propitious hear, and lend thy *Syrians* aid:
 Break short the *Christian's* lance, pronounce his fate,
 And lay Prince *Godfrey* low before the gate.

While

While thus th' imperial city arm'd, and pray'd,
 Great *Godfrey* on the field his hosts display'd.
 In two large bodies rang'd the foot appear,
 Dragging in midst their enginery of war.
 The horse for guard behind possess'd the ground,
 Scouts to prevent surprize were sent around.
 And now the trumpets clangors pierce the sky,
 And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly;
 The Christians bear their shields upon their head,
 And rushing forward, form a moving shed;
 Some fill the ditch, some pull the bulwarks down;
Adrastus ventur'd first to scale the town.
 A mighty ladder 'gainst the walls he leant,
 And boldly up the stern *Helvetian* went:
 When fierce *Argante* with a weighty stone
 His helmet smote, and drove him headlong down.
 Shouts of applause the starry regions rend,
 And stones and darts in thicker show'rs descend:

I

Which

Which still the *Christians* on their shields sustain;
 Advancing till the ramparts foot they gain.
 These scaling engines 'gainst the tow'rs incline,
 While those the deep foundations undermine.
 The brazen rams against the walls resound,
 And smoking heaps of ruin spread the ground.
 Meantime *Clorinda* gave her arrows wing,
 And wounded first the son of *England's* King,
 Thro' his right-hand; nor could he more engage,
 The Prince retreats, inflam'd with gen'rous rage.
 Then in *Clotario's* breast a shaft she dy'd,
 And wounded noble *Amboise* in the side.
 While the brave Earl of *Flanders* drove the ram,
 On his left arm the feather'd vengeance came:
 The nerves relax'd, his hand its hold resign'd,
 He drew the reed, but left the steel behind.
 Then at Count *Palamed* her arrow flew,
 And stain'd its feathers to vermilion hue.

From off the ladder, where he stood, he falls,
 And dies with glory under *Salem's* walls.
 While *Pavia's* pontif view'd the scene of fight,
 The shaft upon his forehead chanc'd to light;
 Slight was the hurt; to mitigate the smart,
 He clap'd his hand upon the wounded part;
 A second shaft came swiftly to the place,
 And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his face.
 Thus from the virgin's hand his fate he found,
 And falling, stain'd with sacred blood the ground.
 While the fierce *Clorinda* such destruction wrought,
 Lord *Godfrey* to the walls an engine brought;
 A wooden tow'r, stupendous to the sight,
 Whose top was equal to the walls in height,
 Pregnant with arms and men, a mighty throng,
 Yet lightly made on wheels to roll along:
 This with the walls the *Christians* strive to join;
 The wary *Pagans* obviate their design;

And push with spears, and rocky fragments throw
 Against the sides, and on the wheels below.
 Thick storms of stones from either army fly,
 And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky.
 From off the ramparts fall the Pagan train,
 Like leaves or fruits, beat down by harden'd rain.
 Scar'd by the thund'ring tow'r, part ran away;
 But some, the bravest, with the *Soldan* stay;
 With him *Argante*, and *Clorinda* bright,
 T' oppose th' assault their utmost force unite.
 Meantime a breach the batt'ring engines bare,
 The stately streets, and palaces appear;
 Thither the *Soldan* flew to make defence:
 Sight of the King, inflam'd the *Christian* Prince;
 On glory bent, he quits his ample shield,
 Beneath whose shade, he overlook'd the field,
 With careful eyes; and takes a buckler light,
 Then o'er the ruins hastens to the fight.

But

But while he thus prepar'd t' assault the King,
 Sudden a shaft came whizzing on the wing,
 And pierc'd the leg of the illustrious chief,
 Where nervous most, and most acute the grief:
 To thee, *Clorinda!* fame ascribes alone,
 The glory of that wound, which sav'd the town.
 The gen'rous Prince, unmindful of the pain,
 The ruins mounts, and calls his following train:
 But soon the bitter anguish prov'd so great,
 His leg no longer could support his weight:
 Forc'd to recede, he turn'd him from the walls,
 And to great *Guelpho*, not far distant, calls:
 My station must by you, my Lord, be fill'd;
 I quit the conflict, by this wound compell'd;
 But soon return: then on a nimble steed
 He mounts, and urges to the camp his speed.

The Duke's retreat with joy the *Pagans* view'd;
 A shout that struck the golden stars ensu'd:

With him his armies fortune seem'd to go ;
 While hope and courage fire the *Pagan* foe.
 The *Christians* weapons faintly flew to wound,
 And ev'n their trumpets languish'd in their sound.
 Instant the troops that ran away with fear,
 Again, embolden'd, on the walls appear.
 The puissant *Guelpho*, by a pondrous stone,
 In fight of either army, was o'erthrown :
 The Count *Raimondo* found an equal fate,
 And Prince *Eustacius*, wounded, made retreat.
 Argante, and the *Soldan*, now impell'd
 By rival love of glory, take the field :
 Down from the breach descend the furious pair,
 And, like two lions, rush amid the war ;
 With force united hew the engines down ;
 Not blazing thunder-bolts more pow'r had shown.
 Now here, now there, they spread destruction round,
 And helms, and shields, and engines heap the ground.
Then

Then from the town they ready fires demand,
 And with a kindled firr each arms his hand.
 From the fired pines the scatt'ring sparkles fly,
 Black vapours mixt with flames involve the sky.
 Brave *Tancred* in another quarter fought,
 When suddenly th' unlook'd for news was brought;
 The foes had left the fastness of the place,
 Prevail'd in fight, and had his friends in chace.
 He quits th' attack; and saw the double flame
 Advancing, to destroy the tow'ry frame.
 Full soon his valiant acts restor'd the fight,
 And forc'd the conqu'ring *Saracens* to flight.

While he thus triumphs, and the *Pagans* yield,
 The wounded Prince, late forc'd to quit the field,
 Amidst his friends in his pavillion stood,
 And heard and saw, unmov'd, the mourning croud.
 Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
 Endeav'ring to extract, he breaks the dart:

The steel remains ; no readier way he found
 To draw the weapon, than t' enlarge the wound.
 Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
 He begs, and his unwilling friends obey.
Lambertus * was at hand, well known to fame,
 Born on the flow'ry banks of silver *Tame*.
 To him was known each simple's sov'reign juice,
 Of healing waters the rich pow'rs and use.
 Dear to the muse and all the tuneful throng,
 Sublime his thought, harmonious was his song.

The sage physician tucks his robe around,
 With ready hands, and hastens to the wound :
 With gentle touches he performs his part,
 This way and that, solliciting the dart,
 And exercises all his heav'nly art.
 All soft'ning simples known of sov'reign use,
 He presses out, and pours their noble juice :

* Ancestor of the excellent Surgeon *Lambert*, of *Newcastle*.

These first infus'd to lenify the pain,
 He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain :
 Still all endeavours fruitlessly he made,
 And fortune still refus'd his hand to aid.
 But now the hero's angel, mov'd with grief,
 And touch'd with pity, hastens the relief.
 A branch of healing *dittany* he brought,
 Which on the distant *Cretan Ide* he sought ;
 Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround,
 The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple
 crown'd :

This in a moment brought, the angel brews
 Th' extracted liquor with *ambrosian* dews,
 And od'rous *panacee* : Unseen he stands,
 Temp'ring the mixture with his heav'nly hands ;
 And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
 With juice of med'c'nal herbs, prepar'd to bathe the
 wound :

With:

With this the god-like sage foment the part,
 And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart :
 Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands :
 The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
 Moves up, and follows of its own accord,
 And health and vigour are at once restor'd :
Lambertus first perceiv'd the closing wound,
 And first sure signs of pow'r celestial found,
 And wond'ring, cried : This is no cure of mine,
 Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine :
 Of heav'nly footsteps certain signs appear ;
 Resume your arms, my Lord, return to war.
 The hero arms in haste ; his hands infold
 His legs with greaves of purple and of gold.
 Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
 He grasps his beamy lance, and takes his shield.
 With lengthen'd strides then tow'rd the city bends ;
 A num'rous train their leader's steps attends.

A darkning

A darkning cloud of dust is rais'd around ;
 Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.
 The *Syrians* saw him moving o'er the plains,
 And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
 He lifted high his shield, that radiant blaz'd,
 Thrice to its pitch his manly voice he rais'd.
 His armies heard with joy, with joy beheld
 The well-known glitt'ring of the golden shield.
 The signals of the war : They join, they run,
 Raise scaling engines, and assault the town.
 While in the breach the two fierce pagans stand,
 'Gainst valiant *Tancred*, and his following band.
 Thither the chief, with light'ning in his eye,
 And threat'ning gesture of disdain drew nigh ;
 His spear impetuous at *Argante* flung,
 Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along :
 The Pagan saw it come, and dauntless held,
 To meet its furious force, his ample shield :

But

But not his shield its fury could with-hold,
 Nor his strong corset arm'd with scales of gold:-
 It pierc'd thro' all, to his broad breast attain'd,
 And with a purple stream his armour stain'd.
 The *Sarasin*, regardless of the pain,
 From forth his buckler drew the spear again,
 Then whirl'd disdainful at the *Christian* Lord;
 And cried, Lo, Prince! thy spear's again restor'd.
 The spear flew back the well-known way, and bore
 The vengeance now, as the offence before:-
 The pious Prince perceiv'd, and stooping low,
 Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow:
 But brave *Sigiero* felt the fatal wound,
 Which pierc'd his throat, and stretch'd him on the [ground;
 Nor mourn'd the faithful squire and valiant knight,
 For his lov'd sov'reign thus to lose the light.
 A pondrous stone, by *Solyman* let fly,
 Struck on the breast the Duke of *Normandy*:-

So huge the blow, awhile he stagg'ring stands,
 Then reeling falls extended on the sands.
Godfrey, incens'd, his flaming faulchion drew,
 And up the ruins to close conflict flew:
 There the brave Prince, with matchless force endu'd,
 Had wonders wrought, and contest dire ensu'd:
 But now the night, with sable wings display'd,
 Arose, and interpos'd her peaceful shade
 Between the warriors swords: *Godfrey* retir'd,
 And from their threaten'd fate, the foes respir'd.
 But ere the godlike hero would return,
 The dead and wounded to the camp were borne:
 Nor to the foe his engines would he yield,
 But what remain'd, convey'd from off the field.
 With them his stately tow'r, the *Syrians* dread,
 Tremendous tho' in ruin, back he led:
 But in mid-way between the camp and foe,
 A wheel broke down, nor could it farther go.

The

The chieftain plac'd a num'rous guard around,
 Then workmen sent to solidate each wound;
 And gave command their labour should be done,
 Ere in the *east* appear'd the rising sun.
 Meantime the *Pagans* hear the hamm'ring sounds,
 Which *Sion-hill* with echo loud rebounds;
 And thousand lamps, that gild the shades with light,
 Plainly reveal'd the business of the night.

B O O K VIII.

T WAS dead of night; all things in silence lay,
 'The stars mov'd solemn thro' th' ætherial way.

The post of honour to *Clorinda* falls,
 With the *Circassian* knight, to watch the walls.

When ardent for renown, the warlike maid
 Approach'd the chief, and thus in secret said:

See, how yon lights below but faintly shine;
 The guards, perhaps, are most in sleep supine.

High heav'n impels me from the town to go,
 And burn the tow'ry engine of the foe.

The chief, admiring, listen'd, while she spoke,
 With love of praise, and noble envy struck:

Then

Then to the ardent maid expos'd his mind;
 All this alone, and leaving me behind?
 No, in the gen'rous enterprize I'll join;
 Whatever fate attends you shall be mine:
 Illustrious fair! 'twill be my greatest pride,
 To fall with glory, fighting by your side.
 Agreed, they seek King *Aladine*, who fate
 In nightly council, with his Lords of state.
 Their grand design the King with transport heard,
 Embrac'd them both, and promis'd rich reward.
 The better to conceal her in the shade,
Clorinda in black arms herself array'd:
 Each of *bitumen* took a pond'rous mass,
 And lights conceal'd within an hollow brass.
 Old *Aladine* attends them to the gates,
 Where the arm'd *Soldan* their return awaits.
 Now down the mount, obscure in shades they glide;
 But soon the guard their close approach descry'd,

And

And call'd to arms: The pair their faulchions drew,
 And quick as light'ning broke the squadron thro'.
 Then fire their balls, and at the engine cast;
 They stuck; the conflagration kindled fast;
 A storm of sparkles, and of flames arise,
 And rolling clouds of smoke involve the skies.
 The camp alarm'd, behold the dreadful light;
 Two squadrons instantly in arms unite,
 And thither haste: And now the pair retreat,
 And up the mountain strive to reach the gate;
 While like a flood, with num'rous streams encreas'd,
 Their foes impetuous close behind them press'd.
 When to the city portal they drew near,
 King *Solyman* rush'd forth with sudden war;
 Repell'd the bands: their gates the Pagans close,
 But leave shut out *Clorinda* midst her foes:
 For in that moment, the fierce virgin ran
 T' avenge a blow, receiv'd from *Ariman*:

Nor did *Argante* miss the parting fair,
 Mid the confusion, and the darken'd air.
 Returning, when the portals shut she found,
 Herself alone, and all her foes around,
 She gave her life for lost; but as no eye
 Seem'd to observe her, to escape would try:
 She herds amid the crowd; then took her flight
 Clandestinely, and trusts herself to night.
 But *Tancred*, who (just then arriv'd) had seen
 Her motions, and remark'd her noble mien,
 Deem'd her some knight distinguish'd from the rest,
 And after her his steed impetuous press'd.
 She heard his arms resounding thro' the gloom,
 And stood her ground, to let him nearer come;
 Then haughty cried: Say, whence and what you are;
 Why so much haste; and bring you peace or war?
 War, he replied: the Princess at the word,
 Advanc'd to meet him, and unsheath'd her sword.

Tancred,

Tancred, because on foot he saw the knight,
 Lights from his steed, on equal terms to fight.
 And now their swords they brandish in the air,
 And ardent rushing on, begin the war.
 They lash, they foin, and doubling blow on blow,
 Like light'ning flame their faulchions to and fro,
 And shoot a dreadful gleam: the hills around
 Re-echo to their weapons clashing sound.
 Often they came so close they could not wield
 Their furious faulchions to dispute the field:
 Then with the pommels on their helms they strike;
 And thirst of vengeance fires their souls alike.
 So two proud bulls in mountain shades engage,
 The woods resounding with their clashing rage.

Thrice *Tancred* grasp'd the Princess in his arms,
 No lover so would have embrac'd her charms.
 Three times she broke away from his embrace,
 And crimson blushes overspread her face.

Last both recede to breathe, and rest their hand
 On their swords pommel, and in silence stand.
 At length the solemn silence *Tancred* broke,
 And to the Princess thus the warrior spoke :
 If room for pray'r midst arms : brave knight ! relate
 Your name, your lineage, and your high estate ?
 For sure your valour speaks you nobly born.—
 To whom the virgin made this proud return :
 'Tis not my custom to reveal my name ;
 But one of two I am, who set the tow'r on flame.
 With rage rekindling ftrait the Prince reply'd,
 Thou art not what I thought, or wouldst not hide
 Thy name and race : Now at thy proper cost
 Learn the effect of thy late glorious boast.

The morning star now shone with fainter ray,
 The redd'ning *orient* show'd the kindling day.
 They grasp their swords, renew the war again,
 And mutual dye their arms with crimson stain.

But

But ah! at length the fatal hour was come,
Prefix'd by heav'n, for great *Clorinda's* doom.

The Prince's faulchion with a dreadful sway,
Thro' shield and corset forc'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in her fair bosom lay. }

The gushing purple drench'd th' embroider'd vest,
That clad the beauties of her snowy breast:

Her knees no more the lovely form sustain,
Like a fair cedar, sinking on the plain:

A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.

When lo! a fact so wonderful, so new,
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true:

The place was cover'd o'er with golden light,
That struck an awful rev'rence in the knight:

While thus she faintly spoke: The vict'ry's thine;
But grant me now the *lustral* *lymph* divine.

Thus by a beam illumin'd from above,
 She saw bright *Truth*, and kindled into love.
 The sweetness of her voice, and the request,
 With pity and with wonder fill'd his breast :
 His heart was in alarm ; he ran to bring
 The needful water from a neighb'ring spring.
 His helm replenish'd, he return'd in haste,
 With tremb'ling hand the sable casque unlac'd :
 But when her beauteous aspect struck his sight,
 At once he lost both speech and motion quite.
 Yet all his virtues summoning in aid ;
 The sacred office to the fair he pay'd ;
 Which while he pay'd, her eyes with lustre shine,
 Last the fair spirit flew to seats divine.

When now with blood, and paleness all o'erspread,
 The knight beheld the fair *Clorinda* dead,
 He swoon'd away ; nor had perhaps surviv'd,
 But that some *Christian* soldiers there arriv'd :

Who to the rock in search of water came :
 These knew the Prince full soon, and royal dame.
 With pity touch'd, both on their arms they lay'd,
 And softly both to *Tancred's* tent convey'd.
 But when his senses to the knight return'd,
 How much his lov'd *Clorinda's* fate he mourn'd,
 Who can declare? In vain his *minstrels* try
 To charm his grief with heav'nly melody :
 The Princes strive with gentle words in vain,
 To sooth his sorrows, and relieve his pain :
 He sigh'd, he wept ; his griefs with day begun,
 Nor were they ended with the setting sun.
 When nothing human could his griefs remove,
 Heav'n deign'd to send sweet comfort from above :
 For lo ! one morning, at the dawn of light,
 He clos'd his eyes, when, in a vision bright,
 The lov'd, lamented maid, descending, came,
 In beauty more exalted, yet the same :

O'er her fair form a starry veil was spread,
 And heav'nly glories beam'd around her head,
 She op'd her rosy lips, and thus begun:
 Behold me, grac'd with a celestial crown:
 Then cease, my Lord, to grieve for me in vain;
 You knew me not; your error was my gain:
 Enthron'd amid *angelic* quires I shine,
 And my heart feels for you a flame divine.
 Hereafter we shall meet, (so heav'n ordains)
 Where beauty never fades, and love immortal reigns:
 Then blushing rosy red, love's proper hue,
 Shrin'd in her glory, from his sight withdrew.
 The knight awaking from his pleasing rest,
 Felt heav'n-bred consolation in his breast.
 The virgin's fate no longer he deplores,
 But heav'n's high King with fervent joy adores.
 And now *Aurora* with her rosy light
 Had deck'd the skies, and put the stars to flight.

The Prince strait sought an architect well skill'd,
 And gave command a marble tomb to build :
Clorinda's relics there, embalm'd, he plac'd,
 Adorn'd with honours, and with trophies grac'd.
 Meantime the Princess' fate in *Salem* known,
 With loud laments fill'd all th' imperial town,
 As if they saw involv'd in fiery floods,
 Their blazing temples and their lov'd abodes.
 But fierce *Argante* tow'ring mid the crowd,
 On *Tancred's* head stern vengeance vainly vow'd.
 While old *Ismene* all his art display'd,
 To guard, by charms, from steel, the forest shade.
 The *Genies*, at his call, from *earth, air, floods*,
 Came flocking, and fill'd all those antient woods.
 Each with delight enter'd the *sylvan* scene,
 And fate embow'r'd with boughs and leafy green.
 Three days, with vain attempt, t' approach the shade,
 The bravest strove ; all back return'd dismay'd.

Now roars of lions, groans of bears resound;
 Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, rock'd the ground.
 Sometimes a wond'rous wall the *Genies* frame,
 Bright as a carbuncle, thick flashing flame;
 Where various monsters on the top appear,
 Dire faces and deform'd, and threat'ning war.
Tancred, who now all honours to the fair
 Had duly paid, would to those woods repair,
 And went alone: like all the rest, he found
 A dreadful gloom, an earthquake shook the ground,
 Air thunder'd, and the groves with lions roars
 resound.

The gallant warrior felt within his breast
 Some small emotion, which he soon suppress,
 And forward mov'd: When lo! before his sight,
 The monsters rise, and wall all flaming bright:
 He paus'd,—then said, perhaps 'tis all a dream,
 These things may be less hurtful than they seem:

These

These may be *charms* t' impose upon the mind,
 With vain deception, tho' of wondrous kind :
 O lov'd *Clorinda*, heav'nly maid ! attend ;
 Teach me where lies their pow'r, and how to end !
 Thus having secret pray'd ; devoid of fear,
 He spread his shield, and to the wall drew near.
 Scarce touch'd, it vanish'd ; clouds, a show'r of rain
 Succeed ; those past, the sun shone out again.
 In wonder and surprise awhile he stood,
 Look'd round, then boldly enter'd in the wood.
 There walk'd delighted, while on ev'ry side,
 The birds to tuneful songs their notes apply'd.
 At length an ample *lawn* appear'd in view,
 Where, in the midst, a verdant *laurel* grew ;
 Thither he went, and saw a *golden bough*
 Thro' the green leaves with glitt'ring shadows glow :
 This seen with joy, if I, thought he, shall rend
 This branch away, haply the charm will end.

He

He seiz'd the shining bough, with griping hold,
 And strove to pull away the ling'ring gold :
 A sudden trembling thro' the branches spread,
 And the fair laurel wav'd its verd'rous head.
 Thence a sweet voice he heard, that seem'd to say,
Tancred ! forbear to rend this bough away ;
 Sacred this antient wood, and *laurel-tree*,
 To your *Clorinda*, and *Saint Eunice*.
 With awe the knight fell prostrate on the place,
 And of both beauteous *Saints* implor'd the grace.
Clorinda's voice he surely thought he heard,
 And to offend the lovely charmer fear'd,
 Who had so late appear'd before his sight,
 In bloom immortal, and celestial light.
 Thus he, whom neither monst'rous shapes, nor fire,
 Could make from those strange forests to retire,
 A *Genie* false did with feign'd accents move,
 Weak only against beauty's charms and love.

The Prince return'd, and all the wonders told,
 The speaking laurel, and the bough of gold.
Godfrey amaz'd, would now th' adventure try,
 Deeming it all but empty imagery;
 When prophet *Hermas*, brighten'd in his look,
 And rais'd his voice, and to the chief thus spoke:
 Desist from your intent; another arm
 Must cut those guarded woods, and end the charm.
 I see the fatal bark already hold
 The desert shore, and furl her sails of gold;
 I see the *Estian* Knight now break the bands
 Of beauty, and forsake the pleasing lands.
Sion shall soon be freed; th' *Ægyptian* train
 In battle vanquish'd on the dusty plain.
 While thus the *Prophet* spoke, his face became
 Bright and effulgent with celestial flame.
 The chief his purpose, at the word, resign'd,
 And turn'd to other cares his noble mind.

For

For the sun hous'd in *cancer's* fultry sign,
 With unaccustom'd heat began to shine :
 No cooling breezes fan the stagnant air,
 With light'ning fraught, thin scatter'd clouds appear.
 A glowing furnace all the *æther* seems,
 Parch'd are the leaves and flow'rs, and dry'd the ^{[streams.}
 Nor did the night a grateful shade diffuse,
 Nor *Cynthia* shed on earth her silver dew :
 Red meteors ran athwart th' *ætherial* space,
 Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.
 No longer of his pompous trappings proud,
 The gen'rous steed neglects his fragrant food :
 The fainting warriors scarcely can respire,
 The breath they drew, no longer air but fire :
 The camp is fill'd with murmurs of despair,
 Glory and *Salem* now no more their care :
Tatin, the *Grecian* chief, went off by night,
 And numbers more prepar'd for secret flight.

The

The pious hero feels for all the rest,
 And trusting in high heav'n his vows address,
 With lifted hands, and look with zeal on flame;
 O *Thou*, of heav'n and earth sole Lord supream!
 Who gavest *manna* in the desert ground,
 When the cleft rock diffus'd refreshment round!
 Propitious deign upon our host to shine,
 And let it be their safety, to be thine.

These pray'rs of faith, and ardent, heav'nly love,
 Ascend, like incense, to the throne above.
 Th' eternal Father lent a gracious look,
 And to the sons of heav'n thus pleasing spoke:
 The virtuous *Godfrey*, and his valiant train,
 Till now for *Salem* various toils sustain:
 Be a new order hence of things begun,
 Let golden days in radiant circles run:
 Their drooping courage fresh'ning show'rs shall cheer;
 Their fatal champion shine again in war.

Before

Before their ensigns *Salem's* gates fall down,
 And *Egypt's* host subdu'd, their conquest crown.
 Th' Almighty ceas'd; and joys diffus'd around,
 With exultation sweet the heav'ns resound:
 The *planets* in their spheres more brightly shine,
Air, earth, and ocean, own'd the word divine.
 Lo! clouds descending wrap the shaded sky,
 The thunders rattle, and the light'nings fly:
 The hosts accompany the flash and sounds
 With gladsome shouts, and heav'n their joy rebounds:
 In haste impetuous downward rush the rains,
 The brooks are fill'd, and float the neighb'ring plains.

As when, in *summer*, heav'n's rich bounty pours
 Upon the parching earth, the wish'd-for show'rs;
 A flock of water-fowl expecting stands,
 And with hoarse gabbling fills the barren sands;
 All to the falling rain extend their wings,
 And catch the coolness the sweet water brings,

And

And where in pools the gather'd streams abound,
 They quaff, and dive; and murmurs ring around.
 Not with less joy the *Christian* squadrons greet
 The plenteous show'r, and quench their thirsty heat.
 Now ceas'd the rains, the heav'ns grew bright and gay,
 The golden sun shone forth with temp'rate ray,
 Such as is wont a genial warmth to bring,
 When lavishly he cloaths the purple spring:
 The *earth*, reviv'd, affords a pleasant scene,
 Crown'd with fresh flow'rs, and clad in chearful green.

B O O K IX.

NOW night ascends the heav'ns, and round her
 flow'rs

The pearly dew on verdures and on flow'rs ;
 While gentle zephyrs wing their fragrant flight,
 And weary mortals to sweet sleep invite.
 The Christian host dissolv'd in slumber lay,
 And in oblivion lost the toils of day :
 When the almighty King of heav'n look'd down
 On favour'd *Godfrey*, from his glory's throne ;
 And to the chieftain sent a pleasing dream,
 To tell the purpose of his will supreme.

Far in the *east*, beside the gates of gold,
 Which to the sun the circling hours unfold,

A crystal

A crystal portal stands, transparent bright,
 Whence heav'n-sent dreams descend at dawn of light,
 And now from thence a dream descending spread
 His golden wings around great *Godfrey's* head.
 Himself amidst a crystal sphere he found,
 With radiant stars encompass'd all around :
 Their amplitude he view'd with wond'ring eyes,
 And heard the sound of sweetest harmonies :
 When lo ! a knight, with glory all array'd,
 Approach'd, and thus with pleasing accent said :
Godfrey ! say, why no gratulation shown
 To your lov'd friend ; is *Seymour* then unknown ?
 So great your splendour, I can scarcely trace
 (The Duke replied) the features of your face.
 He spoke ; and thrice, while glad affection warms,
 T' embrace the warrior stretch'd his eager arms,
 And thrice the form celestial slip'd away,
 Like fleeting air, or dreams that fly the day.

Then *Seymour*, smiling: Vain is your desire;
 You see a spirit's pure, etherial fire:
 These are the mansions of *angelic* pow'rs,
 Where the blest feast in *amaranthine* bow'rs,
 Joyful in presence of heav'n's bounteous King,
 And to their golden lyres his praises sing.
 Then let not earthly thrones attract your love,
 Fix your affections still on realms above,
 And here, ere long, a seat you shall obtain;
 But first you must in sacred *Salem* reign;
 Where *Baldwin*, after you, shall wear the crown,
 And to your glory's lustre, add his own.
 Now hear, my much lov'd friend, heav'n's high behest,
 Invite to war again the Prince of *Eft*:
 To him you must, in part, your triumph owe:
 Farewell; no more am I allow'd to show:
 Farewell, and friendship still our souls unite:
 He ceas'd, and instant vanish'd from his sight.

Great *Godfrey's* slumber with the vision flies,
 His breast amazement fills confus'd with joys.
 And now the morning sun encreasing bright,
 O'er heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light.
 The hero sheath'd his limbs in arms around,
 And soon his Peers the early council crown'd :
 There *Guelpho* for *Rinaldo's* pardon mov'd,
 (So heav'n inspir'd) his suit the *Duke* approv'd :
 The Peers receive the grant with glad acclaim,
 Sure hopes of conquest ev'ry breast inflame.
 Two knights they chuse, illustrious in degree,
 The gallant *Pierpoint*, and sage *Montrosie*.
 At *Antioch* these prepare to seek the Prince ;
 But antient *Hermas*, with prophetic sense,
 To *Ascalon* advis'd them to repair ;
 And said, they'd find a noble *hermit* there,
 Who with sure guidance would direct their way :
 They hear observant, and with joy obey.

Ardent tow'rd *Ascalon* they take the road,
 And now from far they hear the *midland* flood,
 The waves, that on the rocks tumultuous roar,
 And foam and thunder on the stony shore.
 When lo, a torrent brook their course restrains,
 Swol'n o'er its borders with the new-fall'n rains:
 And soon they saw an antient sage appear;
 A wreath of myrtle bound his hoary hair,
 A white, silk robe he wore, and in his hand,
 Before his steps, he held a golden wand.
 With pleasing countenance he greets the knights,
 And courteous to his secret cell invites:
 Then strait his wand he wav'd: on either side
 At once the ranks of swelling streams divide;
 Two rising heaps of liquid *crystal* stand,
 And leave a space between of empty sand.
 Thus safe receiv'd; the downward track he treads,
 Which to his subterranean palace leads.

Such was the glimm'ring of the doubtful light,
 As *Cynthia's crescent* shoots in woods by night.
 With wond'ring eyes they view the secret store
 Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar ;
 They hear the crackling sounds of *coral* woods,
 And see the secret source of *subterranean* floods ;
 And where distinguish'd in their sev'ral cells,
 The fount of *Ganges* and *Hydaspes* dwells ;
 Where rich *Euphrates* in his bed appears,
 And *Thamisis* his awful forehead rears,
 Than which, no clime can boast a nobler stream ;
 His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam :
 With gentle course he seeks the sacred main,
 Enriching as he flows the fruitful plain.
 Now lower down, delighted they behold
 A stream of quick-silver with sulphur roll'd,
 Which the sun ripens, and transmutes to gold.

With *diamonds, rubies*, were the banks inlaid,
Jacinths and gems, that brighten'd all the shade.
 With admiration struck the chiefs appear,
 And ask'd the sage, what these strange regions were?
 You are within earth's hollow womb, said he,
 And view her riches and fecundity:
 These gems are ruins of the antient world,
 When the grand frame was in confusion hurl'd.
 Soon will my splendid palace strike your sight,
 Whose walls are with surprising lustre bright.
 Nor are my works by evil *Genies* done,
 But *Sylphs*, that sport in radiance of the sun.
 'Tis mine t' investigate all nat'ral things;
 The secret pow'r of plants, and healing springs:
 All nature's inmost treasures I descry,
 And read each radiant star that decks the sky:
 The various labours of the wand'ring moon,
 And whence proceed th' *eclipses* of the sun;

From

From *Carmel's* top survey the clouds below,
 Now dark, now painted with *Thaumantia's* bow :
 Th' original of winds I know, and whence
 The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense ;
 What shakes the solid earth, why light'nings blaze,
 And thwart the shaded air with forked rays.
 Such was my science, with vain-glory fill'd,
 My lights with admiration I beheld,
 And thought that I could fathom with my line
 The *Godhead's* depths : But when a ray divine
 Had touch'd my soul, and me celestial grace
 A *christian* made, humility took place ;
 Sublimed knowledge in my bosom shin'd,
 I saw what dimness clouds the human mind ;
 How *Truth's* pure effluence mocks our dazzled sight,
 Too deep its glory, and too strong its light.
 And now they see the palace, splendid halls,
 And rooms, where native gems adorn the walls.

On

On a wrought silver table there they dine,
 With *sapphire*, *ruby* cups the side-boards shine:
 An hundred blooming *Sylphs* attend around,
 With purple wine the precious bowls are crown'd:
 When thus the sage: 'Tis time that I should show
 'Things of importance, which you wish to know.
 You've heard th' adventure of those Lords, whom late
 Love wand'ring led, and how they 'scap'd from fate.
 Soon as the tidings reach'd *Armida's* ear,
 She rent her robes, and tore her shining hair;
 And on *Rinaldo* fiercest vengeance vow'd,
 To whose high valour her disgrace she ow'd.
 Strait to *Orontes* banks she took her way,
 (Resolv'd to make the Prince himself her prey,
 As he to *Antioch* went,) and soon descry'd
 The youth advancing tow'rd its flow'ry side;
 Where the clear streams divide, and after meet,
 Forming an isle, with groves and verdure sweet.

Upon

Upon the bank a marble column stood,
 And near, a boat lay floating on the flood.
 On the white marble grav'd, these words he read :
 O you, whom choice or chance has hither led !
 Pass to this island, that before you lies,
 Where wond'rous objects will enchant your eyes.
 Curious to view the place, his squire he leaves,
 (For small the skiff) and pass'd the limpid waves :
 Landed, he cast his roving eyes around,
 But only grottoes, groves, and verdure found :
 In vain the promis'd wond'rous scenes he sought ;
 Whence now the youth himself deluded thought ;
 But yet the place afforded such delight,
 He sat him down t' enjoy the pleasing sight ;
 Unbound the helmet from his forehead fair,
 To catch the freshness of the fragrant air.
 But soon a gurgling sound attention drew,
 And tow'rd the murmur strait he cast his view :

When in the middle of the stream he found
 The waters turning in an eddy round :
 Whence first some golden hair was seen to rise,
 And then a blooming face with charming eyes ;
 At last a *nymph* appear'd above the tide,
 Whose youthful form her radiant tresses hide :
 Not sweeter was the fabled *Sirens* tongue,
 While warbling sweet with melting notes she sung :
 She sung, how *honour* was an empty name,
 And *pleasure* should be mortals only aim :
 Your brows with roses and with myrtle crown,
 And, as kind nature bids, pursue delight alone.
 While thus she sung, a gradual slumber stole
 O'er all his senses, and possess'd his soul :
 Not thunder would have wak'd him with its sound,
 Such strange enchantment in those notes was found.
 When lo, *Armida* issues from the groves,
 And fierce to execute her vengeance moves :

But

But when she saw his charming face and air,
 Compassion touch'd the bosom of the fair:
 Herself upon the flow'ring turf she laid,
 Her ravish'd eyes upon his beauties fed:
 At length her former rage was all suppress'd,
 And tender love took place within her breast.
 With flow'rs, she, smiling, deck'd his golden hair,
 And all her smiles tumultuous joys declare.
 Then strait she call'd the *Genies* to her aid,
 And to th' *Hesperian isles* the youth convey'd:
 There built a palace on a mountain's brow,
 Whose sides she by enchantment hid with snow,
 But left the top with native forests green;
 There with the youth in pleasures dwells the Queen.
 'Tis yours to free him from that fatal land,
 And quell the *Genies*, with *this* golden wand;
 Who to forbid your entrance will prepare,
 And hiss in dragons, or in lions glare.

A wond'rous *labyrinth* surrounds the dome,
 Thro' which you'll to a beauteous garden come;
 The maze I'll paint, to guide your steps aright,
 And you a shield shall have of diamond bright,
 To hold before the noble youth, that he
 His female air and ornaments may see
 With just disdain, and banish from his breast
 The love of pleasure and inglorious rest.
 Soon as you issue from the parted tide,
 You'll see a lovely nymph, your destin'd guide,
 In garments cloath'd of ever-varying dye,
 And o'er her forehead shining tresses fly.
 Like light'ning swift she'll waft you o'er the main,
 And safe restore you to these shores again.
 But now the hours of rest to sleep invite,
 And you must hence depart at morning light.
 This said, the sage conducts each joyful guest
 To a fair chamber, then retir'd to rest.

Soon

Soon as the rosy morn, with gladsome ray,
 Awak'd mankind to labours of the day,
 The *Rosicrucian* senior, ent'ring, show'd
 The map, the diamond shield, and golden rod.
 The noble knights, such warm impatience prest,
 Already were in pompous armour drest,
 And joyful follow'd where the *Magus* led,
 Thro' glimm'ring grottoes, to the river's bed :
 The waves divide ; they take a kind adieu ;
 And soon their pilot not far distant view,
 Plac'd in a splendid barge : around her face
 Her amber locks part curl'd, with *cherub* grace,
 While part before her on her forehead shin'd,
 Like a bright meteor, streaming to the wind.
 Her changeful garment from the sun-beams drew
 A thousand dyes, like the dove's neck to view ;
 Empurpl'd now, and now vermillion seen,
 Now azure, now as smiling *em'rals* green.

Courteous

Courteous the nymph invites the chiefs aboard ;
 With cates and fragrant wines the bark was stor'd.
 She spreads her filken sails, the rudder guides,
 The vessel light along the level glides.
 Soon had they reach'd the sea ; bright were the skies,
 The curling waves, like silver, gently rise.
 By *Ascalon* they pass, and next behold
Gaza, the Port of *Gaza* nam'd of old ;
 But by the ruin of the towns around,
 A city now, with pow'r and riches crown'd.
 The warriors tow'rd the coast their aspect bent,
 And banners saw, and many a gorgeous tent :
 Camels and elephants descending down,
 Loaded with mighty burthens, from the town.
 Within the port the gallant vessels rode,
 Sparkled with dashing oars the briny flood.
 Then thus the nymph : These all are *Memphian* bands,
 Whom their great King in person here commands ;
Waiting

Waiting those armies which the *orient* sends,
 For his grand empire *eastward* far extends.
 Full soon they pass mount *Cassius* crown'd with wood,
 Whose deep'ning shadows overhung the flood:
 Then *Damietta*, and *Nile's* fruitful stream,
 Fair *Alexandria*, *Pharos*, known to fame;
Rhodes, *Crete* unseen, upon the right they lost,
 And skim along the fertile *Afric* coast;
 Fertile the coasts, but the interior lands
 Are haunts of lions, hot and barren sands.

Now they arrive, where, as old fables feign,
Alcides' hand let in the roaring main.
 Perhaps it may be true, the *Spanish* shore,
 And coast of *Africa* were one, before
 An earthquake caus'd the flaw, and roaring tides
 The passage broke that land from land divides:
 Distinguish'd by the *Streights*, on either hand,
 Huge *Abyla*, and *Calpe's* mountains stand:

M

With

With such destruction can old Time invade
 The mould'ring work, that beauteous Nature made.
 Swift thro' the passage of the *Streights* they flew,
 The mountains lessen'd, and the shores withdrew:
 Now seas and skies their prospect only bound,
 An empty space above, a floating field around.
 With rapid course they cut the liquid way,
 Between the *southern* and the *western* day:
 Before them, saw the setting sun adorn
 The clouds with gold; behind, the blushing morn.
 What time the fair *Aurora* round her threw
 Her rays, and sow'd the earth with pearly dew;
 A distant mountain they descry, that throws
 His lofty summit mid surrounding clouds:
 But as they nearer drew, (the prospect clear'd)
 Like an huge *pyramid* the hill appear'd;
 Whence clouds of sulph'rous smoke, by day, arise,
 And flames, by night, that lighten all the skies:

A cluster

A cluster then of islands they behold;
 These were nam'd *Fortunate*, in times of old:
 For there, 'twas feign'd, propitious sun-beams crown'd
 With yellow harvests, the uncultur'd ground;
 That, without pruning, the luxuriant vine
 Produc'd her clusters, rich with nect'rous wine;
 That fruits eternal the green olive fill'd,
 And honey from the hollow oak distill'd;
 That crystal streams from hills adorn'd the scene,
 And clad the groves with never-fading green;
 That no fierce heats those happy climates knew,
 Refresh'd with *zephyrs*, and descending dew.
 The knights beheld how tow'rd the orient day,
 Those pleasant islands in long order lay.
 In sev'n were signs of men and rural trade,
 Grounds cultivate, and huts embow'r'd in shade:
 But three were wild; where hares and deer abound,
 And a safe range, in woods and mountains, found.

In one of these, there lies a peaceful bay;
 An island shades it from the rolling sea,
 And forms a port secure for ships to ride:
 Broke by the jutting land on either side,
 In double streams the briny waters glide,
 Betwixt two rows of rocks; a sylvan scene
 Appears above, and groves for ever green.
 A grot is form'd beneath; the varied stone
 With moss and creeping ivy overgrown.
 Down from the crannies of the living walls,
 The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls.
 Into this calm recess the pilot glides,
 And under the green rocks her vessel hides.
 The nymph then pointed, where majestic stood
 Th' enchantress' palace, and o'erlook'd the flood.
 The mountain's sides with frost and snow were spread,
 And high above appear'd his verdant head,

With

With roses crown'd, and flow'rs of various hue;
 So far enchantment nature can subdue.
 They rest (for so the nymph advis'd) all night,
 And wait, for their ascent, the morning light.
 Soon as arose the radiant orb of day,
 The warriors up the mountain took their way:
 When lo! across their path a serpent glides,
 With flaming eyes, and glitt'ring scaly sides!
 The *English* knight advanc'd with eager pace,
 Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at his face:
 But *Montrosie* the potent wand display'd,
 And soon the monster, crouching, rev'rence pay'd.
 A roaring lion next oppos'd in vain,
 With flamy jaws, and with erected mane:
 Then herds of fiercest beasts; but none withstood
 The pow'rful virtue of the golden rod.
 The frost, and snow, and cliffs, with labour past,
 They gain'd the mountain's verdant top at last:

And there a large and pleasant plain they find,
 With groves of trees, and fruits of various kind;
 The verdant field might with *Elysium* vie,
 Flow'ry, and vested with a purple sky:
 Mild *western* gales delicious odours bring,
 And all things flourish'd in eternal spring.
 Soft o'er the flow'ry way the warriors go,
 And soon they saw a crystal fountain flow
 From forth a living rock, with laurels crown'd,
 Bathing with thousand rills the nether ground;
 Where the sweet purling streams, uniting all,
 Mid verdant borders, form'd a deep canal,
 That under fragrant myrtles pendent shade
 Ran fable, and delightful murmur made;
 And so transparent, that you might behold:
 The level bottom, and that bottom gold:
 Upon the banks thick velvet grass arose,
 Proff'ring its pleasant seats for soft repose.

The chiefs advance to where the waters make,
 In ample bed diffus'd, a lucent lake;
 A silver table on the bank was plac'd,
 With costly viands to allure the taste:
 Within the lake two damsels fair and young
 Disported; with their talk the waters rung.
 At length, as if by chance, the knights they spy'd;
 Both backward shrunk, and view'd them from aside;
 Then lifting their fair hands their locks unbound,
 Which in a knot upon their heads were wound:
 The plenteous tresses, falling down, infold
 Their beauties with a mantling shade of gold.
 As from the seas exerts his radiant head
 The star, by whom the lights of heav'n are led,
 Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew,
 Dispels the darkness, and the day renews:
 Such seem'd the nymphs, whom now the chiefs beheld;
 So from their shining hair the crystal drops distill'd:

At once they smil'd, at once they blush'd with shame,
 Blushing their smiles; and smiles their blush became.
 At length one sung a tuneful *carol* sweet,
 The knights inviting to partake the treat,
 And share the pleasures of that happy place,
 Unknown to all the rest of human race:
 In vain she sung; the notes her strains dispense,
 Touch'd not the heart, and only charm'd the sense.
 With virtue arm'd, the chiefs no longer wait,
 But, turning, enter at the palace gate:
 Asham'd of their repulse, the damsels hide
 Their blushes, and strait dive beneath the tide.

B O O K X.

THE stately palace in a circle rose,
 Whose marble bounds a garden scene enclose,
 Fairer than any, antient bards e'er knew,
 And ev'n than *that*, where fruits *Hesperian* grew,
 A thousand chambers, by the *Genies* made,
 In error without end the feet betray'd,
 Forming a *labyrinth* on ev'ry side,
 Which to the fragrant haunt access deny'd.
 An hundred silver gates, with gems adorn'd,
 And *portraiture*, on golden hinges turn'd:
 There wrought in living sculpture might be seen,
 The various triumphs of the *Cyprian* Queen.

The

The warriors for awhile employ their eyes,
 Fix'd on the work with wonder and surprise :
 At length, they thro' the loftiest portal pass,
 And by the painted map the *lab'rinth* trace :
 Whence difengag'd, the garden of delight,
 With all its beauties, open'd on their sight :
 Pure lakes, and moving cryffals, meads and flow'rs,
 Hills, vales, and grots, with shady myrtle bow'rs :
 And what the landkip with perfection crown'd,
 Art, that made all, was no where to be found.
 Soft *western* airs perpetual breath'd perfume,
 And kept the trees in never-fading bloom :
 At once, th' unripe and purple fig was feen,
 The gold, the blushing apple, and the green :
 Here cluster'd grapes like lucid amber show,
 And there, like rubies, big with nectar glow :
 The joyous birds, the shady boughs among,
 To sweetest notes attun'd the warbled song :

The

The winds on quiv'ring leaves and waters play'd;

And to the feather'd quire response made :

When cease the birds to sing, they loud reply,

But when those sing, in melting cadence die ;

And all compose delightful harmony.

Armida in a bow'r the warriors spy'd,

The Prince of *Est* reclining by her side,

Who, as he lay, her beauty's charms admir'd,

While she herself with ornaments attir'd ;

Her hair in buckles, and in ringlets roll'd,

With various flow'rs enamelling the gold.

Not such bright hues the *Paon's* plumes contain,

When pompous he displays his star-ey'd train ;

Nor half so many beauteous colours run

Thro' *Iris'* bow, when it imbibes the sun.

But what surpass'd in glory all the rest,

Was the rich girdle underneath her breast ;

7 Unbodied

Unbodied things with bodies cloath'd around,
 By *magic* charms, she in that circle bound ;
 The gentle, calm repulse, the sweet disdain,
 Glad reconcilements, the soft moving strain,
 Caresses, crystal tears, and tender sighs,
 Enchanting smiles, and eloquence of eyes :
 All these she mingled for the precious frame,
 And temper'd by a fragrant taper's flame ;
 And thus that *Cestus* form'd of wond'rous pow'r,
 Which, day and night, about her breast she wore.
 And now, behold, the usual hour was come,
 When careful she survey'd her magic dome.
 She bade the Prince adieu, and left to rove
 Among the *sylvans* in the lawn or grove.
 When from the bushes rush'd in open light
 The chiefs in pompous arms, divinely bright.
 As the fierce courser, bred to war's alarms,
 Withdrawn, victorious, from the field of arms,

And turn'd to range amid the female train,
 Luxuriant wantons o'er the verdant plain;
 But if the blaze of armour strike his sight,
 Or trumpet's sudden sound to arms invite,
 With neighings shrill he fills the fields around,
 Ardent for war, and breaks the flow'ry bound.
 So far'd *Rinaldo*, such was his surprise,
 When the knights armour flash'd before his eyes.
 Meantime sage *Montroffe* advancing, held
 Before his fight the lucent diamond shield.
 Upon that mirror he his aspect bent,
 His image saw, each female ornament,
 His filken robe, his length of curling hair,
 That with rich essences perfum'd the air;
 His sword with flow'rs and gems diversify'd,
 For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
 He paus'd, look'd down, ashamed of his disgrace,
 While crimson blushes overspread his face.

The

The youth's confusion, pleas'd the champions see,
 And strait declare their noble embassy.
 While *Europe* shakes the *Asian* thrones with arms,
 And *Salem's* cause each gen'rous bosom warms,
Sophia's son, the champion of our host,
 Here slothful lies, in love and pleasures lost.
 Behold for thee the royal *Godfrey* sends,
 Thee, glory and the *Christian* camp attends;
 Upon thy sword depends the sum of things,
 Thou only can'st o'ercome the hostile Kings.

Silent he heard, and now in place of shame,
 The blushes of disdain his cheek inflame,
 His worthless ornaments on earth he cast,
 And through the *lab'rinth* with the warriors past.
 Soon as they reach'd the shore, light *western* gales
 Fill'd the nymph's plenteous trefs and filken sails:
 Swift o'er the waves the winged vessel flew,
 And soon those pleasant isles from sight withdrew.

Meantime

Meantime *Armida*, who had found o'ercome
 The watchful guardians of the magic dome,
 At first suspects, and fears, then sees too plain,
 The wond'rous vessel gliding o'er the main.
 Disdain, and shame, and love, divide her breast;
 She tears with both her hands her purple vest:
 She tries what charms could do to stop his course;
 But vain her charms against superior force.
 Mad with her grief, abandon'd to despair,
 She fills with loud laments the liquid air:
 And calls the hero, perjur'd and forsworn,
 Nurs'd by fierce tygers, and in tempests born:
 And much she blames the softness of her mind,
 Which chang'd her hate to love, that stop'd his death-
 design'd.
 She loaths the light of heav'n, resolves to die;
 But first for wish'd revenge all means would try.

Flush'd

Flush'd with disdain, she grasp'd her magic wand,
 And thrice she wav'd it in her circling hand:
 A sudden shade o'erspread the radiant light,
 Which soon dispell'd, the skies again grew bright.
 As cloud-form'd edifices, rich and gay,
 By sun or winds dispers'd, dissolve away;
 The palace vanish'd so, and where it stood,
 No token left: The mountain and the wood
 Alone retain'd, the ruggedness and shade,
 By native rocks, and verdant forests made.
Armida instant mounts her shining car,
 Wing'd by the *Genies* thro' the fields of air:
 With rapid course she cuts the liquid sky,
 Black clouds, and sounding storms, around her fly:
Ocean she pass'd, the *Streights of Hercules*,
 And still proceeds above the azure seas:
 The coasts of *Spain* and *Africa* she past,
 And at the *Syrian* land arrives at last.

Damascus

Damascus she avoids, her course to take
 Where stood her castle, compass'd by a lake.
 The Queen assembles there without delay,
 A grand retinue, clad in rich array;
 Knights, damsels, pages, beauteous steeds and bold,
 In trappings proud, adorn'd with gems and gold:
 Then march'd away, with love, disdain and spight,
 Nor clos'd her eyes in slumber, day or night,
 Until she came, where all the *eastern* bands,
 Their Kings and Princes, lay on *Gaza's* sands.

Gaza her pomp on *Juda's* confines spreads,
 Upon the way, that to *Pelusium* leads,
 Plac'd on the borders of the sea; and nigh
 Vast sandy wastes and wildernesses lie,
 Which often, as the blustering whirlwinds sweep,
 Rise like the rolling billows of the deep;
 Whence trav'ling *caravans* escape with pain:
 Such the dark tempest of th' unstable plain.

To *Ægypt's* King belong'd this frontier town,
 Which from the *Turks*, long since, his arms had won;
 Here he transferr'd his throne, and on the coast
 From various realms assembled all his host.
 O muse! whose light old times to mem'ry brings,
 Thy poet's mind illumine, while he sings:
 What armies the great Emp'ror urg'd to war,
 His subject nations, and allies, declare,
 When from the *southern* realms, and utmost east,
 Princes and Kings to crowd his ensigns prest.
 You only can relate the proud alarms,
 The bands, the chiefs, and half the world in arms.

High on a gorgeous throne the King was plac'd,
 Th' ascent an hundred steps of iv'ry grac'd;
 A silver *canopy* above his head,
 Beneath his feet lay gold and purple spread:
 His regal robe to distance splendors sent,
 Rich with the pomp of barb'rous ornament:

A thousand

A thousand folds of lawn, with pearl and gem,
 His temples crown'd instead of diadem :
 His right hand did his shining sceptre hold :
 Silver his beard ; but, tho' in years grown old,
 A youthful vigour in his aspect shone,
 And air majestic, worthy of the throne.
Apelles, Phideas so might paint or frame
Jove, but *Jove* lancing down the lightning's flame.
 On either side him stood a *Satrap* lord ;
 One held the golden seals, and one the sword :
 Below, *Circassian* guards, deep rang'd around,
 With upright spears, a dreadful circle crown'd ;
 All richly arm'd, with gilded corslets strong,
 And at their sides broad scimitars were hung.
 Thus fate the *Caliph*, and with joy beheld
 His mighty armies, marshall'd on the field :
 Whose chieftains, as they pass'd before the throne,
 In adoration bow'd their banners down.

First of the squadrons came th' *Ægyptian* train,
 From *Alexandria's* fair and ample plain ;
 And after them, a num'rous nation, born
 On *Asia's* confines, tow'rd the rising morn.
 These troops *Araspes*, and *Arontes* led,
 And all their steeds were with proud trappings spread.
 Next these in rank, the haughty *Campson* went,
 And led the numbers *Grand Alcairo* sent.
 Then *Gazel* brought the men, who till'd the grounds,
 Where *Nilus'* second *cataraet* resounds.
 Th' *Ægyptians* wore light arms, and rich array,
 Nor terror bred, but hopes of splendid prey.
 Fierce *Alarcon* conducts th' unwarlike bands
 That range for plunder *Barca's* desert sands.
 Beneath their ensigns next the troops drew nigh,
 Sent to the war from either *Araby*.
 With long black hair then march th' *Arabian* race,
 Who bear their wand'ring towns from place to place:

Low was their stature, weak their voices found ;
 With *Indian* jav'lins from afar they wound.
 Their steeds as in a whirlwind swept the plain,
 If any wind could match their hurricane.
 Then those, who in th' *Arabian* islands dwell,
 Where from their sea they fish the *pearly shell*.
 With them a *Negro* band their ensign bore,
 Led by *Osminda* from the *Red-Sea* shore.
 Two *Æthiop* Kings from burning *Meroe* came,
 Where *Nile* and *Astrobore* an island frame.
 The *Soldan*, proud of *Ormus*' wealthy town,
 And he, who wore in *Boëcan* the crown,
 Succeed ; then follow'd with his *Persian* band,
 Brave *Altamoro*, King of *Samarchand* :
 Fair was his face, a crown of gems he wore ;
 His men, huge maces at their saddles bore.
 Next from the regions of *Aurora* came,
Adrastus, King of *Ind*, a mighty name :

A serpent's spoils, his corset to behold,
 Thick wrought with scales of azure and of gold,
 High on an elephant the *Indian* rode,
 Which, like a steed, his giant limbs bestrode.
 The men, on this side *Ganges*, own'd his sway,
 Who bathe where rolling *Indus* breaks the sea.
 Last on the field appear'd th' Imperial band,
 Where ev'ry knight was worthy to command:
 All whom, by rich rewards and honours due,
 The *Caliph* to his regal standard drew.
 Strong was their armour, and their ensigns gay;
 On puissant steeds they rode in proud array.
 With lucent steel, with gold, and precious stone,
 And purple mantles, heav'n refulgent shone.
Armenian Emiren this squadron guides,
 And in the noble charge exulting prides.
 All now were past, when lo, *Armida* fair
 Enter'd the field with symphony of war,

High

High on her pompous car, her temples crown'd
 With rubies, and her vest with diamonds bound.
 Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver's pride
 With jewels grac'd, hung glitt'ring at her side:
 Disdainful blushes, for her late disgrace,
 Mix'd with the native beauties of her face,
 Give vigour to her softer charms, and move
 In ev'ry bosom, awful fear and love.
 Her chariot, like the chariot of the sun,
 With flaming *carbuncles* and *jacinths* shone.
 Four *unicorns* her skilful driver rein'd,
 By couples to the splendid yoke restrain'd.
 An hundred beauteous maids attend around,
 Whose gilded quivers on their shoulders sound;
 Each on a milk-white steed of sprightly grace,
 To manage train'd, and nimble in the race.
 The troops *Damascus* sent, behind the Queen
 In thunder rode, led on by *Aradene*.

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 Thick wrought with scales of azure and of gold.
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As when the single *Phoenix*, newly born,
 To his own *Æthiopians* makes return;
 The world, with pleasure and amaze, behold
 His various plumes, and native crown of gold:
 Not with less wonder, gazing hosts admire
 The passing Princess, and her rich attire.
 The *Caliph* summon'd *Em'ren* to his throne,
 Who highest place in his esteem had won.
 The guards divide to leave him passage free;
 He mounts the iv'ry steps, with air of dignity.
 Th' embroider'd carpet with one knee he prest,
 And bowing, laid his right hand on his breast.
 The King then bade him rise, and to his hand
 Consign'd the *imperial* sceptre of command
 O'er all his hosts: When thus the warrior spake:
 At your unconquer'd hand, O King! I take
 This noble gift, and gladly seek the war,
 Beneath the light of your auspicious star:

Nor

Nor to my Emp'ror will I e'er return,
 Unless with *Godfrey's* spoils in triumph borne.
 He spoke, and all the host a shout upsent,
 Mix'd with the sounds of barb'rous instrument.

The King departs amid the music's sounds ;
 Him, thronging thick, a princely crowd surrounds.
 In his grand tent he gave a costly treat ;
 Himself, apart, in regal lustre fate ;
 But honour'd all ; to some discourse he bent,
 To others of his choicest dainties sent.
Armida mid this feast, and gen'ral joy,
 Found proper time her lurements to employ ;
 The mightiest chiefs inspir'd in arms to rise
 'Gainst *Este's* Prince ; her charms and crown the prize
 Of *him*, by whose victorious arm he dies.

B O O K XI.

BUT *Este's* Prince, when he had left behind
Th' *Hesperian* isle, still sail'd with fav'ring wind.

Now he surveys the *pole*, and radiant *bear*,
And now the course of ev'ry shining star
Which decks the night: Now mountains crown'd with [woods,
That darken with their shade the silent floods.
Oft of the camp the youth enquires the state,
And hears the chiefs the wond'rous charms relate,
That guard the wood: Thus thro' the foaming sea
They sail'd, till the fourth morn with purpling ray
Adorn'd the heav'ns; and when the beams of light
Withdrew, and rose the silent shades of night,

The

The nymph her vessel safely brought to land;
 The knights with transport leap upon the strand.
 At once the vessel and the pilot-fair,
 Swift as a glimpse of lightning disappear.
 The heav'ns with needful light the chiefs supply;
 The moon and stars were bright, serene the sky:
 But here no track of man or beast was found,
 Sole desert shores, and murm'ring seas around.
 Suspense they stand; at length the shore forsake,
 And up the sandy beach their way they take.
 Not far they had advanc'd, when they beheld
 A distant blaze the dusky shadows gild:
 Thither they turn their steps, and soon they see
 A suit of armour hung upon a tree;
 The helm and cuirass all with gems inlaid,
 That shot their various lustre thro' the shade;
 And by the radiance of the moon, they spy'd
 Their *Roscrufian* friend, who sat beside:

Their

Their greetings done ; *Rinaldo* he address,
 And to accept those arms the hero prest ;
 Then pointed to his view the ample shield,
 Where various imagery adorn'd the field.
 For there were sculptur'd seen, in rising gold,
Heroes, that grac'd the *Estian* house of old :
 Upon his brows, each wore a laurel crown :
 The *Magus* told their virtues and renown.
 These figures on the shield, divinely wrought,
 And noble story, fire the Prince's thought :
 His limbs in arms he instantly array'd,
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on his head.
 All four a chariot of the sage ascend,
 And tow'rd the *east*, with rapid progress, bend.
 The sage himself directs the ruling reins ;
 The milk-white steeds scarce print the dusty plains.
 Thus thro' the shades of night, they speed their way,
 Till fair *Aurora* spread her rosy ray.

At length they saw the rising sun-beams gild
 The hills, and spires, and ensigns on the field.
 The sage then took a courteous leave ; and they
 Strait to the camp, on foot, pursu'd their way.
 To *Godfrey* soon was their arrival known,
 Who to receive them rose from off his throne.

To *Godfrey's* presence when *Rinaldo* came,
 Where sat the heroes of illustrious name,
 With humble grace before the Duke he bends,
 His fault acknowledg'd, promising amends.
Godfrey the youth within his arms embrac'd,
 And to oblivion bade consign the past ;
 And for amends, perform those acts alone,
 By which his former glory he had won.
 Then told him all the wonders of the shade,
 Where bravest knights their courage had essay'd :
 How all were forc'd those forests to forsake :
 Last urg'd the Prince the task to undertake.

Rinaldo kindled, as the sov'reign spoke,
 And the adventure gladly undertook :
 Then turning to his peers his joy exprest,
 And clasp'd by turns the heroes to his breast.
 Meantime the soldiers acclamations rise,
 And notes of martial music fill the skies,
 As if triumphant on his pompous car,
 He came from *India* and the morning-star.
 Last to his high pavilion he retreats,
 There his adventures to his friends relates ;
 There fragrant wines they quaff, and temp'rate feast,
 Till shades of night had summon'd all to rest.
 But when the rosy morn the *orient* clear'd,
 While yet in heav'n some twinkling stars appear'd,
 He brac'd his limbs in arms without delay,
 Then to the *Mount of Olives* took his way,
 And secret to himself he thus began to say :

How

How are the heav'ns with wond'rous beauties bright;
 The radiant sun, by day; the moon and stars, by night,
 Yet these mankind without attention view,
 Because their lustre's constant, and not new.
 Then on the mountain's summit kneeling down,
 He rais'd his mind to heav'n's eternal throne,
 His errors own'd, and gracious favour won.
 Meantime the rising sun adorn'd the scene,
 Glitter'd with gold the mount and foliage green;
 The air breath'd balm; a show'r of pearly dew
 Descending chang'd his vest to *ermine* hue.
 With admiration he the change beheld,
 And joy and confidence his bosom fill'd:
 For thence his pray'rs success he understood,
 And strait proceeded to th'enchanted wood.
 But not to him the wood was dreadful made;
 A forest green he found, a pleasant shade:

And suddenly he heard the tuneful sound
 Of vocal music, fill the groves around.
 Soft *zephyrs* play'd the quiv'ring leaves among,
 Murmur'd the streams, sweet *Philomela* sung :
Lutes, *cittrerns*, *organs*, to those notes reply ;
 And all compos'd delightful symphony.
 At length a mighty thunder-clap ensu'd ;
 That ceas'd, th' harmonious quire their notes renew'd.

Pleas'd with the music he advanc'd more slow,
 Where he beheld a lucent river flow,
 Whose circling banks with various flow'rs array'd,
 Around the wood a fragrant garland made.
 A small *canal*, that from the river flow'd,
 With fable stream, divided all the wood :
 Tall trees upon the borders flourish'd green ;
 A peaceful solitude, a charming scene !
 He wish'd to pass the stream ; when lo, appear'd
 A golden bridge on golden arches rear'd :

He

He pass'd the shining path without delay,
 And reach'd the bank, when the rich pile gave way,
 And deep immerg'd was in the waters lost,
 Now in a thousand whirlpools turn'd and tost :
 Like torrents, swol'n by melted snows, that run
 From *Alpine* hills, dissolving to the sun.
 The Prince, admiring, saw the troubled flood,
 But turn'd, and enter'd in the beauteous wood,
 Curious of seeing more ; and still his view
 New pleasing scenes and wond'rous objects drew.
 Where-e'er he trod, fresh flow'rs adorn'd the ground ;
 Here budding roses spread their sweets around ;
 There fountains rush in rills, as crystal clear ;
 The antient trees, in springing green, appear,
 With softer barks array'd, and blossoms new ;
 And from the knotted oaks distill'd the golden dew.
 Again he hears the sweet harmonious band,
 The soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand ;

O

Cittrns,

Cisterns, and *organs*, mixt with vocal sounds,
 Fill all the tuneful wood, the wood the notes rebounds,
 While list'ning to the music with delight,
 Of which no cause was offer'd to the sight,
 While scarce he could believe his ears and eyes,
 A *myrtle* in an ample lawn he spies;
 To which alone a beaten path-way led:
 The *myrtle* fair its branches widely spread,
 High flourishing the stately palm above,
 And seem'd the verdant queen of all the grove.
 Thither he went, the tree attentive view'd,
 When lo, a greater wonder soon ensu'd:
 An oak its bosom open'd, and display'd
 A blooming nymph, and *dryad*-like array'd.
 An hundred plants, an hundred nymphs as fair,
 Produc'd; in buckles flow'd their graceful hair;
 Buskin'd their legs, and knots their garments bind
 Above their knees; their brows with flow'rs were
 twin'd:

But

But stead of bows and shafts, as *nymphs* of yore,
 These in their hands soft lutes and citterns bore.
 Around the Prince they cast them in a ring,
 And gracefully began to dance and sing;
 Welcome, thrice welcome, to this pleasant grove,
 Expected youth! our Mistress' hope and love!
 Behold, this forest, late a gloomy scene,
 Clad, at your coming, with enliven'd green.
 Thus to their citterns and their lutes they sung,
 And with the music all the forest rung:
 When from the myrtle a sweet harp was heard;
 Then op'd the bark, and stepping forth, appear'd
 A Lady of a more majestic mien,
 By stature and by beauty mark'd their sov'reign queen.
Rinaldo look'd, and thought he there descry'd
 The graces and the charms of Queen *Armide*:
 Strait she advanc'd, and while soft blushes rise,
 Smiles on her cheek, tears shining in her eyes;

Are you at last again return'd, she said,
 To her, from whom you so unkindly fled?
 Do I in you a friend or foe behold?
 Not for a foe I made that bridge of gold;
 Nor open'd springs, nor spread the ground with flow'rs,
 Nor clad with fresh'ning blooms these verdant bow'rs.
 Give me your hand, that dreadful helm remove,
 And shew me your fair eyes, inspiring love.
 Thus she with accents sweet, but vainly, try'd
 To tempt the youth from virtue's path aside:
 He from her turn'd, nor answer'd her a word,
 But from his scabbard drew the shining sword;
 Then, with firm resolution in his mien,
 Step'd tow'ards the myrtle; but she rush'd between,
 Embrac'd the tree, and ah! she cried, forbear
 To wound this forest's pride, my myrtle fair;
 Your sword must thro' my breast a passage free,
 Before it e'er shall hurt my charming tree.

He

He heeded not, but rais'd aloft his steel,
 To smite the plant: when sudden, (strange to tell!)
 From her fair face the rose and lilly fled,
 Her limbs gigantic grew, her features spread:
 A flaming sword she brandish'd in her hand:
 The nymphs alike transform'd around him stand,
 Ardent their eyes, and menacing their air;
 Yet he the myrtle smote, unmov'd with fear:
 The myrtle groan'd, and nodded from on high,
 Trembled the ground, in lightnings burst the sky;
 Full in his aspect beat a tempest strong,
 That bore a storm of rattling hail along;
 But still he plied his sword, and cut the tree,
 Which instant vanish'd, like vain imagery;
 Nor more the *Genies* his attempt withstood;
 And to its native state return'd the wood,
 A sylvan solitude, where pleas'd appear
 Birds of all feather, and the branching deer.

On other trees the warrior made essay,
 Then to the camp strait took the ready way.
 The joyful host, apprized of his success
 By prophet *Hermas*, to salute him press.
 Soon he appear'd, majestic and bright,
 In starry helm, and furcoat glitt'ring white.
 Great *Godfrey* render'd him the honours due,
 And all his glory without envy view.

And now the sov'reign on the siege intent,
 His workmen instant to the forest sent;
 Soon trees on trees are by the axe o'erthrown,
 Machines and tow'rs arise t'invade the town.
 Nor less the foes prepare to stand th' alarms,
 And crowd their walls with enginry and arms.
 When the fourth morning spread her rosy light,
Godfrey led forth th' embattled host to fight.
 And now the trumpets terribly from far,
 With rattling clangor rouse the slumb'ring war;

The

The soldiers shouts succeed the brazen sounds,
 And heav'n, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds,
 Now stones and darts from either army fly,
 And clouds of whizzing shafts obscure the sky.
 The *Christians* bear their shields upon their head,
 And rushing forward form a moving shed.
 These fill the ditch, those pull the bulwarks down,
 Some raise the ladders, others scale the town.
 With poles and missile weapons from afar,
 The *Pagans* keep aloof the rising war;
 With weighty stones o'erwhelm the troops below,
 Shoot thro' the loop-holes, and sharp jav'lins throw.
 While from the engines pointed weapons sent,
 Like lightning, thro' the shatter'd armour went.
 The wooden tow'rs close to the walls advance,
 And eager strive their bridges to elance:
 The brazen rams against the walls resound,
 And heaps of falling ruins strow the ground.

The Prince of *Este*, fir'd with glory's charms,
 Rush'd to the walls, where thickest throng'd with arms;
 Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row,
 Whence stones and darts incessant rain below:
 A scaling engine to the walls apply'd,
 Thus to th' advent'rer lords the hero cry'd:
 Come on, here glory calls t' assault the town;
 Greater the danger, greater the renown.
 Fir'd at his word, the peers unite their pow'rs,
 Beneath their shields advancing to the tow'rs.
Rinaldo foremost mounts; his ample shield
 Is soon with darts and falling ruins fill'd.
 Yet still undaunted, up the steep ascent
 He climbs, and wins at last the battlement.
 To *Eustace*, whom he saw in risk to fall,
 He gave his hand, and help'd him on the wall.
 And now before the chiefs the *Pagans* fly,
 The tow'rs, on heaps forsake, and tumult rends the sky.
Meantime

Meantime great acts illustrious *Godfrey* wrought,
 Where dreadful engines against engines fought.
 Spite of King *Solyman*, his wooden tow'r
 Had reach'd the ramparts with an armed pow'r,
 And on the walls its bridge already laid:
 But there a stout defence the *Soldan* made;
 To hew the planks with his keen faulchion tries,
 And fires his troops with animating cries.

Just then, th' Archangel *Michael* stood confest
 To *Godfrey's* eyes, unseen by all the rest:
 Clad in celestial *panoply* he shone,
 Far more resplendent than a cloudless sun.
Godfrey, said he, behold the destin'd hour
 To free fair *Salem*, and her shrines restore!
 Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
 The mists and films, that mortal eyes involve;
 Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
 The form of each celestial *sanctity*:

Your

Your late companions in this noble war,
 Descend from heav'n your victory to share.
 Where yon' disorder'd heap of ruin lies,
 Stones rent from stones, where clouds of dust arise,
 There the illustrious *Seymour* holds his place,
 And heaves the bulwarks from their solid base.
 Great *Dudon* see the *northern gate* assail,
 With sword and fire, and aid the walls to scale;
 With courage he inspires the circling bands,
 And holds the ladders with his heav'nly hands.
Orangia's Pontif see, on *Sion's* height,
 With *sapphire* crown, and robes of purple light.
 Now higher lift with confidence your eyes,
 See heav'n's grand host assembled in the skies.
 The pious Prince look'd up; and lo, appears
 Th' angelic army wing'd, and thick as stars.
 Three glorious squadrons; each three circles made,
 Orb within orb, in radiant ranks array'd.

Dazzled

Dazzled the Duke bent down, then rais'd his sight,
 But the grand spectacle was vanish'd quite.
 And now, on ev'ry side, he look'd around,
 And saw his armies with glad vict'ry crown'd:
 After *Rinaldo*, an illustrious train
 Had scal'd the ramparts, and the *Syrians* slain.
 Instant the chief advanc'd before his band,
 And took the standard from the bearer's hand;
 Then foremost on the bridge his foot he set;
 But, in mid-way, was by the *Soldan* met.
 That narrow pass by them a field was made,
 For highest valour, in few blows display'd.
 But now the King perceiv'd *Rinaldo* nigh;
 And from his side the trembling squadrons fly:
 This seen, he turn'd King *Aladine* to aid:
 And *Godfrey* on the wall his banner spread.
 Th' embroider'd banner spread a glory round;
 With shouts of vict'ry, hills and vales resound.

Soon *Tancred's* ensigns wav'd upon the wall,
 Where heav'n had doom'd the proud *Argante's* fall;
 Fierce was the fight, and while the fight they try'd
 The wond'ring troops withdrew on either side.
 At length with mighty sway *Campania's* lord
 Thro' his foe's breast-plate drove the fatal sword.
 The streaming blood his shining arms distain'd;
 His look in death its sternness still retain'd.

Meantime King *Solyman* his way had made,
 And to a tow'r old *Aladine* convey'd:
 When *Este's* Prince arriv'd, and fierce begun
 T' assault the fortress, and perhaps had won:
 But *Godfrey* saw night shade th' horizon round,
 And bade his trumpets the retreat to sound.
 Before the fort the conqu'ring armies lie,
 While night with sable wings involves the sky.

B O O K XII.

AND now to toils of day the radiant sun
Had wak'd the world, and now *meridian* shone:

When from the *regal* tow'r the foe descries
A cloud of dust, like ev'ning mists, arise:
But soon appear'd the blaze of helms and shields,
And a vast army cov'ring all the fields.

At this the *Pagans*, from their stand on high,
Upsent a shout that struck the starry sky.
With such a clamour from the *Thracian* plains,
To warmer climates fly embodied cranes:
Hope arms their hearts, with joy their bosoms glow,
And thicker show'rs of darts descend below.

The

The *Christian* armies soon discover'd whence
 Their joy arose ; for from an eminence,
 They saw the *eastern* host in pomp draw near,
 With gorgeous ensigns, floating on the air.
 A gen'rous ardour kindles at the sight,
 Th' impatient squadrons strait demand the fight:
 But the sage chieftain their request denies,
 Till the next morning purple o'er the skies.
 The troops submit, with hopes of glory burn,
 And all impatient wait the coming morn ;
 All but brave *Tancred*, who now wounded lay,
 Nor could partake the glories of the day.

Aurora rose, refulgent to behold
 Her locks vermillion, deck'd with beams of gold.
 Great *Godfrey*, *Raimond* left to siege the tow'r,
 And from the town led forth his warlike pow'r.
 His aspect promis'd conquest : Heav'n had shed
 Celestial glories round his awful head :

Youth's

Youth's purple light upon his cheek was seen;
 Radiant his eyes, divine his air and mien.
 In beauteous order he arrang'd his force,
 The foot in centre, on the wings the horse.
 Th' imperial standard, in the centre rais'd,
 Refulgent shone, with gold and gems emblaz'd.
 From band to band, thro' all the ranks he past;
 His arms and armour keen effulgence cast.
 Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around
 Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound:
 As mountain-snows, touch'd by the fiery sun,
 In torrent streams from precipices run;
 So flow'd his words, and with resistless charm,
 To noblest actions ev'ry bosom warm.
 Scarcely he ceas'd to speak, when from on high
 A streaming lamp descended thro' the sky:
 So seeming stars shoot thro' a summer's night,
 With sweeping splendors and long trails of light.

The

The lambent glories play'd his temples round,
And seem'd a sure presage he should be crown'd.

Meantime the *Eastern* Gen'ral on the plain
In equal order rang'd his pompous train;
Between the ranks, in gold and purple rides,
With loud exorts, and in his numbers prides.
Grand was the scene, and might just wonder claim,
When front to front those gallant armies came.
The gorgeous banners waving to the wind,
The spangled plumes, that on high helmets shin'd;
Rich suits of armour, gold and precious stone,
And *Tyrian* purples, flaming 'gainst the sun.
A forest thick of spears each army seem'd,
Whose pointed lustre up the æther beam'd.
The ardent courser, trembling with delight,
Impatient stands, and hopes the promis'd fight.
He neighs aloud, and restless paws the ground,
And champs the bit, and spreads the foam around.

His

His glowing eye-balls burn with sanguine fire,
 And his wide flamy nostrils clouds expire.
 Such glorious objects did ev'n horror gild,
 And pleasing was the terror of the field.
 Nor with less dread delight was heard on high,
 The silver trumpets warlike symphony.
 The Christian host, tho' they in numbers yield,
 In beauteous order and in notes excell'd;
 With far more musical, more fierce alarms,
 Their trumpets sung, and brighter shone their arms.
 The *western* trumpets give the first defy,
 The *eastern* to the challenge make reply.
 A furious contest first the horse began,
 And then the foot rush'd forward man to man.

But who of all the *Christian* army, say,
 Obtain'd the foremost honours of the day?
 'Twas thou, bright *Emilis*: great King *Hircane*,
 Who reign'd in *Ormus*, by thy spear was slain.

P

Triumphant

'Triumphant shouts, that struck the stars, ensue :
 Then from her side her glitt'ring sword she drew,
 And to attack the *Persian* squadrons flew.
 She smote *Zopirus* with a mortal wound,
 Where his broad belt the golden buckles bound,
 Proud *Artaxerxes* strove in vain to shun
 His fate, and near him fell fierce *Alarcon*.
 Next by the Countess' hand, *Bellonte* dy'd,
 And *Argeo* was added to his side.
 Numbers besides were by the fair o'erthrown,
 Whose rank and names by fame are left unknown.
 But now around her throng the *Persian* train,
 The conqu'refs' spoils ambitious to obtain.
 This seen, her consort to her succour ran ;
 And first he slew the royal *Artiban*,
 Who rul'd in *Boëcan* ; next crimson dy'd
 His pointed faulchion in *Alvante's* side :
 Then fell *Almoro*, by *Emilia's* sword ;
 Nor could his helm, tho' charm'd, defence afford.

Like the *twin-stars*, while these their force unite,
 King *Altamoro* rag'd with matchless might :
 Beneath his sword the Prince *Gernando* bled,
Guido, *Gentonio*, low on earth were spread
 Then *Thoron*, and *Cantalanes* he flew,
 Whom o'er his head his flound'ring courser threw.
 Who can relate what numbers fell beside,
 By this great King, and by what deaths they dy'd.

Now none to face the conqu'ring monarch dare,
 Or ev'n t' assault with jav'lines from afar :
 The warrior-dame alone disdain'd his might,
 And, dauntless, undertook the doubtful fight ;
 With her drawn sword defies him to the field,
 And marching lifts aloft her sculptur'd shield :
 So march'd the *Thracian Amazons* of old,
 When *Thermodon* with bloody billows roll'd.
 Such was the combat, and the warlike scene,
 When *Theseus* met in fight their maiden Queen.

She cleft the monarch's gold-enamell'd crown,
 And made him bow his regal forehead down.
 The monarch, fir'd with proud disdain and shame,
 Thought the assault from some strong warrior came,
 And brandishing aloft his sword in air,
 Smote on the star-bright helmet of the fair.
 Stun'd by the stroke, supported by her spouse,
 The flaming *opal* faded on her brows.
 The monarch, like a lion, pass'd along,
 (So heav'n ordain'd) and mingled in the throng.
 But now great *Godfrey* enter'd mid the war,
 And turn'd him where he saw, not distant far,
 The *Persian* King disperse the thickest bands,
 As the black *south-wind* drives the *Lybian* sands.
 With loud exhort he calls his troops from flight,
 Renews their ardour, and restores the fight.
 Between these puissant chiefs, a fight ensu'd,
 Nobler than e'er was seen by *Xanibus*' flood.

Meantime

Meantime on foot illustrious *Baldwin* fought
 With *Mulcasses*, and great acts were wrought.
 The Duke of *Normandy* engag'd in fight
 With *Emiren*, and equal was their might.
 But the brave Earl of *Flanders*, on that wing,
 Was half disarm'd by the strong *Indian* King.

Thus stood both hosts in dreadful conflict long,
 And hopes and fears in dubious balance hung.
 All full of broken lances were the fields,
 Of glitt'ring swords confus'd with shatter'd shields.
 The lighten'd steeds, their riders overthrown,
 Wide o'er th' empurpled field at random run:
 With dust desl'd, plumes, steel and gold appear,
 So much was chang'd the beauteous form of war.

And now th' *Arabian* horse, and swarthy *Moors*,
 To charge the *Christian's* flank, extend their pow'rs:
 When *Este's* Prince, whom *Godfrey* gave command,
 To keep, for a reserve, th' advent'rous band,

Rush'd to the battle, with tremendous sound,
 As when a rising earthquake rocks the ground.
 King *Afimir* first felt his conqu'ring hand,
 Who led his troops from *Meröe's* sun-burnt land.
 Full on his neck the Prince his faulchion sped,
 And lop'd away his pearly-crowned head.
 Then fierce amid the *Æthiopian* crew,
 With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew.
 His rapid sword so lighten'd in the air,
 He seem'd the tripple heav'nly flame to bear.
 His noble troop pursue the conqu'ror's way,
 Thro' breaking ranks, and heaps of disarray.
 The *Æthiop* squadrons, struck with panic fright,
 Rein round their steeds, and divers take to flight.
 The Prince the dastards scorn'd, and from pursuit
 Return'd t' attack in flank the *eastern* foot.
 His bold *Advent'ers* bore their battle down,
 And soon the ground was with their ensigns strown.

Now

Now came *Rinaldo*, where the Queen *Armide* }
 On her bright chariot stood ; and on each side,
 A guard of lovers, clad with pompous pride. }
 At sight of her, he blush'd with conscious shame ;
 She froze at first, then kindled into flame ;
 And, while her champions ran t' assault their foe,
 Adapts in haste the shaft, and bends her bow :
 But love, that still within her bosom reign'd,
 Thrice her resentment calm'd, and thrice her hand
 restrain'd.

Love by resentment was at length o'ercome ;
 She glows, she blushes, and resolves his doom :
 Swift flies the shaft, but on its wings her pray'r
 As swiftly flew, that it might pass in air.
 The well-aim'd weapon on his breast-plate hit,
 But 'gainst the hollow gold in pieces split.
 Ah me ! she said, his breast what diamond arms,
 Proof both to weapons, and to beauty's charms.

And

And now she look'd around her, and beheld
 Her guard dispers'd, or stretch'd upon the field.
 Despairing victory, and seiz'd with fright,
 She bids her charioteer forsake the fight,
 At utmost speed: He instant turn'd the reins;
 The glittering chariot flies along the plains:
 At *Actium* so, all pale and fill'd with dread,
 In her gilt bark Queen *Cleopatra* fled.
 Meantime the *Soldan* from a tow'r beheld
 The various turns and fortunes of the field,
 And burn'd to join the glorious scene of war;
 Instant he bad the castle-gates unbar;
 Then rush'd impetuous forth, and freed his way,
 Spite of *Raimondo*, and his thick array.
 Nor did King *Aladine* unactive lie,
 Resolv'd, that day, to conquer or to die.
 There by *Raimondo* he in dust was spread,
 Who seiz'd his purple and uncrown'd his head.

This

This knew not *Solyman*, who now bestrode
 A steed he wand'ring found, and mid the battle rode;
 Great but short aid he brought the eastern host,
 Now faint, o'er-labour'd, and their courage lost.
 So shines a thunder-bolt, with transient fires
 Beats down proud tow'rs, then suddenly expires.
 An hundred knights at least the King o'erthrew,
 When Prince *Rinaldo* to oppose him flew.
 But King *Adrastus*, who the knight descri'd,
 His way obstructed, and to fight defy'd,
 In honour of his love, the Queen *Armide*;
 Then on his helmet smote so huge a blow,
 That twice the hero stagger'd to and fro.
 The Prince recov'ring smote the *Indian's* side;
 The sword return'd in reeking purple dy'd:
 Down sunk the giant King, and press'd the ground;
 His arms, and clatt'ring shield, on the vast body found.
 Then tow'rd King *Solyman* the hero prest,
 Who felt an heav'n-bred terror in his breast.

Nor

Nor could sustain, undazzled, unamaz'd,
 The glory that around the conqu'ror blaz'd ;
 Yet thought not once of flight, or base retreat,
 But dying still maintain'd his kingly state.

And now the *eastern* host was quite o'erthrown,
 Their chief by *Godfrey* slain, his standard won.
 King *Altamoro*, by chance, the chieftain found
 Alone, with hundred weapons compass'd round.
 The *Duke* rode up, and strait forbade the war,
 Then said, Great King ! submit to *Godfrey's* care.
 When *Altamoro* hear'd that glorious name,
 Forward to meet his noble foe he came ;
 Presented him his sword, and thus he said :
 Soon by my Queen my ransom shall be paid,
 In *orient* gems and gold : The Duke reply'd,
 Thy gold and gems retain ; thy crown, beside.
 Return in safety to thy Princess' arms :
 And tell her, treasures have for me no charms.

Meantime

Meantime the vanquish'd fled, and all the way
 Strow'd in bright heaps their arms and armour lay:
 Their gorgeous tents remain the victors prey. }
 Thus *Godfrey* conquer'd; and the skies were bright
 As yet with crimson beams of *ev'ning* light.
 Back to imperial *Salem* he return'd,
 And led his host with splendid spoils adorn'd.
 Nor put he off his arms, but fought the fane,
 In pomp attended by his princely train.
 There while the dome with song triumphant rung,
 High on the burnish'd roof his trophies hung:
 Thus *Solyra* to freedom was restor'd,
 And joyful own'd once more a *Christian* Lord.

F I N I S.

[84]

The above is a list of the names of the persons who have been
 named in the above report, and who have been named in the
 report of the committee on the subject of the same.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

